THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1861.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2037.

"I SHALL HEAR IN HEAVEN."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

[Beethoven, the prince of musical composers, was deaf. His last words were, "*I shall hear in Heaven.*"]

Most noble master! whose great heart resembled
A forest wreathed with perfume, light and dew;
A forest where the bird-notes softly trembled
The leafy aisles and airy arches through;
Oh, silent one! whose Symphonies have power
To woo the smile or win the tender tear,
How awful must have been that nameless hour
Which closed, forever closed, thy hapless ear!

Sad fate! to weave into a sweet perfection
All pleasant sounds in water, wood or wind,
Then to be cheated of thy clear perception,
And set apart, a statue, from thy kind!
Tantalus, hungering at the banquet-table,
Tantalus, thirsting by the waters free—
Most aptly does the old, undying fable
Portray, pale minstrel, thy lone destiny!

Lone as the eagle's lot, and yet scarce joyless
To one who trusted with a tender heart,
The Providence which rendered cold and voiceless
The living, breathing genius of his art;
The same strange Providence which shrouded Homer,
And later, Milton, in a visual night,
But fanned their darkness with the pure aroma
Of blossoms born in isles of viewless light!

Where stand those bards beyond the starry portal,
Singing, with sparkling eyes, their noble song,
Thou stand'st, Beethoven! in thy joy immortal,
The deaf ears open, and their sense made strong.
Dying, thou said'st:—"*I, I shall hear in Heaven.*"

Ah, little words, which hid a life-long sore!
Ah, happy moment when thy bonds were riven,
And harp and song were thine forevermore!

Philadelphia.

ERLE AND BEATRICE.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLI.

Ishmael's discernment did not deceive him—Beatrice Stanhope loved Erle Gower.

There was natively much romance in her composition, but she had been early schooled to render implicit obedience to the "proprieties" of life by a preceptress selected by her father with thoughtful care. This woman, indeed, for a lengthened period occupied the place of her mother, who had died while she was very young, and Sir Harris Stanhope had reposed such confidence in her, had treated her with such tender courtesy, had declared himself so enchanted with her management of his daughter's education, had so often declared himself grateful beyond any possibility of an equivalent, that the matron believed it not impossible that she should become a baronet's lady, or, at least, the recipient of a very handsome gratuity in addition to an annuity for life.

She awoke from this dream at the very instant she had decided that her hour of triumph and reward had arrived.

She informed Sir Harris Stanhope one day, with an affected coyness of manner, that she considered the education of his daughter completed. She adopted this course with the design of drawing him out.

She succeeded.

His bland, pleasant smile vanished from his face, he bowed stiffly to her, and coldly dismissed her, at the same time informing her that his private secretary would settle with her all questions of salary.

For the moment the woman stood petrified, and ere she could utter an observation, Sir Harris quitted the apartment.

At length she found her tongue. She clenched her fists, and scalding tears of bitter disappointment forced their way through her eyelids.

"I have formed her into a creature without a heart!" she almost screeched after him. "Oh, when most you need her sympathy and tenderness, may she convert you into stone by her coldness and unfeeling indifference."

The woman was wrong in her assertion. She had not fashioned Beatrice into a creature without a heart. She had done her best towards it, and Sir Harris had earnestly seconded her efforts. But Beatrice had a heart, and with it a will. Her will had permitted her to adopt the lessons poured hourly into her ears when it suited her inclination to do so, and to decline them when her heart secretly—remember, secretly—rebelled against their propositions. If Beatrice had possessed less self-will, and had hated her governess less, that individual's teachings, aided by her father's wordly counsels, might have accomplished the intended result; as it was, they fell short of their mark. Nevertheless, the attrition of those perpetually propounded precepts upon her mind was of a somewhat positive character, and established a difference between feeling and thought. Her emotions were not unfrequently in direct hostility with her convictions, and she was herself at times surprised by the width of the interval between them.

But her emotions were her own, and her convictions those of her monitress and her father.

She had been very carefully tutored, and constantly reminded that it was an essential thing to temper love with discretion, that it was imperative first to select a husband from men of birth and fortune, and after the preliminaries were settled—indeed, after the wedding-knot was tied—then to commence the duty of loving him. Her preceptress had pointed out to her the folly—to say nothing of the impropriety—of bestowing love upon a man who might, perhaps, at the last moment be prevented by circumstances becoming her husband; on the other hand, she enlarged upon the prudence as well as the propriety of caring nothing for the individual to whom she might be engaged until she had absolutely secured him. It gave her the opportunity of "behaving so well." It enabled her to part with indifference with the creature to whom she might be betrothed, should the match be broken off, and to transfer with elegent decorum her untouched affections to another, or several others, in succession, as occasion might warrant.

Beatrice thought this reasoning incontrovertible, more because her father endorsed it than because her preceptress advanced it. But when she came practically to apply it, she found a difficulty in making it assimilate with her natural feelings.

Her father, at an early date, had pointed out Cyril Kingswood as her probable future husband, that is, as the son-in-law he most desired to secure. He did not conceal from her that there were difficulties in the way, but he explained to her how, by skillful management, these difficulties might be surmounted. Cyril Kingswood was a light, high-spirited youth, partaking sufficiently of his father's nature not to be insensible to beauty. He was a bird rather easy than otherwise to be trapped by a pretty decoy; and Beatrice was instructed by her father in the arts necessary to wile him—not that she needed much tuition that way—few women do—but Sir Harris Stanhope left nothing to chance, and he laid down a plan for her to pursue, under which he hoped to achieve his wish.

Beatrice was not averse to try her arts upon Cyril. Of all the marriageable youths she had seen she preferred him. He was handsomer, sprightlier, and more winning in his manner than any of them, and she consequently found her inclination was as much affected by his person as her interests by his hand.

Whenever opportunity occurred she endeavored to engross his attentions, and as he cared for no one female more than another out of Kingswood Chace, she very frequently succeeded. This course of conduct led her brother Carlton to term Cyril her pet, and to rally her, apparently so unimpressionable to the court of others, upon her rather marked suavity to Cyril.

When she first heard of Erle Gower from her brother, she pitied the poor young person so situated, and she fancied that she was haunted by his story because her brother so frequently recurred to it. When she first saw him, she almost fainted, because, recognizing his features without remembering whose they resembled, she at once imagined that she had dreamed of him, and that, by his sudden, extraordinary, and wholly unexpected appearance, he would influence her destiny.

Almost immediately after he was located in the house of her father commenced the battle between her former convictions and the genuine instincts and impulses of her nature.

Unacquainted with the real standing of Erle in society, he was, under her convictions, a person to be patronised condescendingly at times if it suited a purpose, haughtily at others, but always patronised. What other treatment had a poor, unknown, friendless scholar a right to expect from her—condition? None other would he have received but for the existence of unsubdued emotions—a yet unbarriered undercurrent.

While she strove to regard him with an "exceedingly proper" indifference, his clear, expansive brow, his bright eye ever kindling at his own glowing thoughts or the animated language or noble actions of others, his handsome, clearly defined features, and the dignified expression which ennobled them, compelled her to a consciousness that there were feelings welling up within her heart which defied her convictions with all the worldly lessons they embraced.

She laughed their suggestions to scorn, but they returned with a force, whenever Erle suddenly appeared before her, which terrified her. The first impression that he was linked with, and would have, if not control over, at least influence on her destiny, gradually became strengthened, and then she began to wonder whether he was a proper object to make an eligible match with.

Here she encountered a serious difficulty, and she found the strength of her convictions sorely tried. She discovered that she liked Erle for himself alone, and that no condition in life, elevated or humble, could rule or govern that tender interest he had awakened.

To her, tutored as she had been, this was an astounding discovery. It was an exceedingly awkward consciousness, which assured her she had met with one whom she could not, under any circumstances, part from with indifference, or find a successor who could ever hold the same place in her heart.

It consequently became immediately to her an important question to ascertain who he was? whether he was one her father would accept as her husband, or whether he was wealthy enough or likely to be able to support her in the style of living to which she had been at least accustomed, whether her father accepted him or not. For though we are loth to say it, her father's consent weighed less with her than the prospect of being reduced to a humbler sphere.

At present he was surrounded by a mystery she was unable to penetrate, or even base a surmise upon; indeed, reflection appeared only to bewilder her. His strange resemblance to Cyril and to Lord Kingswood; her father's anxiety about him; his singular connection with the cold, stern, sad-looking man, Vernon, and the beautiful, spirit-like girl, Violet—all perplexed, confused, and confounded her.

She had been taught by her father to believe that whenever mystery existed there was something evil, or at least suspicious behind it. Her mind, however, obstinately refused to think ill of Erle. Alas! for her, it thought only too well of him and too much, for his image, after a time, made her brain its abiding place.

Thus she passed through the first phases of love, struggling against it, reluctant to believe that she had advanced beyond that emotion which halts at preference; secretly dreading that she was deceiving herself, and yet fancying that she could make but few of the sacrifices which a true love would never shrink from; weeping with vexation when at times alone, because she was conscious of the supreme power he possessed over her heart, yet dwelling with delighted pleasure on the memory of his looks, his words, his mien.

As if to withdraw from her all loop-hole of escape from this undesirable passion—her father's nervous anxiety to get at Erle's history—the subtle designs of Ishmael, backed by her own strong inclinations, gradually narrowed the intervals which kept her and Erle apart; and she was thrown thus more frequently than ever into his society—thrown enough to perceive that, as yet, she had failed to make any impression of a tender kind upon his heart.

It is easier for a woman to discover that a man does not love her than that he does. Men simulate affection cleverly, but they can never hide from a woman's eyes an actual indifference. Beatrice was piqued, and forgetting the lessons of caution and prudence she had received, determined rashly to compel Erle to fall in love with her.

She deceived herself with the conceit that he had no pre-formed attachment. She remembered that he had evinced some slight confusion at the mention of the name of Lady Maud; but she gazed proudly in her mirror, and believed that, if she willed it, she could compete triumphantly with the proudest beauty in the land.

And so she resolved to bring the proud, reticent being whom she loved, loth as she was to admit it even to her conscience, which with her, as with others, submits to no reserve.

She, with her brother Carlton, were frequent in their visits to Erle and Violet. Ishmael would not permit the latter to return those of Beatrice, although he offered no objection to any calls Erle chose to make at Sir Harris Stanhope's, because he knew that the knight would only become more perplexed and worried respecting Erle's parentage, and, with all his astuteness, would be able to obtain nothing from him helping to a solution to his carking conjectures.

Beatrice, in commencing her attack upon Erle's heart, quickly found that it could not be carried simply by assault, but that it must be besieged with more than ordinary skill, and that it would stand a somewhat prolonged siege. Coquetry, she speedily perceived, had no effect, although he seemed pleased when she appeared in high spirits and rallied him with vivacity. She, therefore, without appearing to do anything of the kind, set herself to work to inform herself of his habits of thought and action, the real tone and bent of his mind—what pleased him, and what he held in repugnance.

How quickly a woman who loves can acquaint herself with all the peculiarities favorable and unfavorable of the beloved object. Beatrice, gifted with all the penetration and acute discernment of her sex, speedily pierced through Erle's mail-clad reserve, and made herself mistress of his true nature.

And when she had won her information her cheek burned, her heart swelled, her brain seemed to glow, for she found him as high-minded, noble, true-hearted a gentleman as any of whom she had ever read, while, as such, he surpassed all she, in her brief life had ever known.

If he had only had a vice, a weakness, a foible to reduce him to the level of others, she felt that it would have afforded her a consolation if, winning him, want of means or position compelled her to resign him, or if she did not win him, to part with him; but there was not one small point in his character which she could discover that would permit her at any time to separate from him without regret the very bitter and most poignant.

She read with him, conversed with him, yielded up her mind to his, made him feel that she did this less in acknowledgment of the superiority of his acquirements than in confession of another influence he had obtained over her which it was for him to deter mine.

Her hand trembled when it touched his. Her bosom heaved and fell when he addressed her. She sought his eyes with a dreamy expression in her own, and let her eyelids fall in seeming confusion when his clear, bright orb rested on her own.

And still in vain.

He was gentle to her, courteous, attentive. He smiled when he met her, and he pressed her hand when they parted. If in society, he preferred evidently her conversation to that of others, and when alone, excepting some occasional fits of abstraction, he was equally amiable and agreeable.

But there was no undercurrent; he was too equal in his conduct to her. There was a want—the want a woman feels so keenly if it is not supplied—a look, a touch, was all that was needed; one look alone would have supplied all that she was thirsting to know, but neither that look nor the touch, or yet a word, came from him to enable her to murmur even to herself, "*I triumphe*," or even to solace her under disturbing doubts.

The consequences entailed by her endeavors to bring Erle to her feet were moodiness, irritability, fits of inordinate vivacity, or prostrating depression, excited liveliness in society, and passionate sobbing fits, when quite alone locked within her chamber. But she persisted, for she had plunged wittingly into a stream with the pride of a swimmer, who possesses a lofty consciousness that he can control the waters and advance or retreat at pleasure, and she found herself in the grip of a powerful current, borne resistlessly and impetuously onward.

Narrowly observant of Erle's conduct to herself, she was not less regardful of his behaviour to others, and was inexpressibly perplexed by his manner to Violet as by that of Violet to him.

She knew, she felt that Erle did not love Violet, yet anything more tender or affectionate than his demeanor to her, it was scarcely possible to conceive. She tried to fathom the secret impulse which impelled Erle thus to act to his home companion, but she was baffled. That there was a hidden motive she was sure; what it was, the sharpest exercise of her natural penetration did not enable her to discover.

The thoughtful tenderness, the gentle and assiduous kindness, which Erle displayed to Violet was fully reciprocated by her. Beatrice was enabled to see this, and was at the same time gratified to find that, with all the affection Violet evinced, there was identified with it no love, as Beatrice understood that passion—yet no lovers could have appeared more affectionately disposed towards each other than this strange pair.

There was, however, embodied in Violet's attachment to Erle a species of reverential respect which sorely puzzled Beatrice, although she was compelled to confess to herself that there was a peculiar dignity and a proud reserve in Erle's character, which, though by no means offensive, still forbade familiarity, and seemed rather to demand worship than to promise reciprocity. A woman having once conceived an affection for one of the opposite sex clings to it with obstinate tenacity. She may know the attachment to be hopeless. She may, unhappily, be convinced that it is wrong, degrading to others as well as to herself, but she will not—perhaps because she cannot—surrender it.

Beatrice seemed to feel that her growing attachment to Erle would not reach a happy realization of its aspirations, that it would, indeed, prove hopeless. That was a presentiment, an intuitive presumption, founded on no real basis; in fact, she entertained a self-flattering belief that she could win the heart of any man upon whom she chose to exercise her fascinations with the intention of making him captive to her charms; still, with respect to Erle, desirous as she was of enslaving him, she could not keep down an unpleasant conviction that his hand and heart were destined for another.

It would have been better, on making this discovery, to have withdrawn herself from his society, to have held communion with her heart, and to have given up all thoughts of him at once. But no, true to her woman's nature she could not resist the influence he had obtained over her; it was so pleasing, so delicious, so fascinating, that she shut her ears to the counsels of prudence, her eyes to consequences; and with the conviction that she was guilty of weakness and folly, she threw herself more than ever into his society, and so far as she could dare go, gave him every opportunity of letting him know the conquest he had made.

In doing this she knew that she acted dangerously for herself, as she was quite conscious that if Erle discovered her secret—so transparently hidden from him, though carefully concealed, as she imagined, from every other eye—he would take the initiative in sundering the intimacy existing between them if she had not succeeded in touching his heart.

One thing she fancied, and that was, if he had not already surrendered his love, he might be drawn into an attachment, and by her. So she resolved to discover what was the real state of his affections, as that knowledge, when obtained, would enable her to shape her future course with better probability of success.

Up to this time she had been unable to extract from Erle, or even Violet, by any hastily-dropped word, by innendo, by, in short, any remark accidentally or designedly uttered, the least clue to their origin. Ishmael was by no means a man to attack with direct questions, or with hints or insinuations. The consequence was, that Sir Harris Stanhope, who had delayed his visit to Lord Kingswood on the subject of their conversation at the Marquis of Chillingham's, with the hope of previously acquiring information which would direct him what ground to take, communicated with angry sharpness to his daughter his vexation at her failure.

Setting his teeth together, he hissed rather than spoke to her—

"The air pervading Mr. Vernon's mansion must have weakened your intellect, deadened your faculties, rendered you more effete than a Turkish harem doll. You must change your tactics. Entice Mr. Gower here, receive him alone; you need not fear being overlooked or interruption. A woman knows how to enthral a man if she will. I need not instruct you what to do, the wiles of your sex admit of no instruction, because they are natural to all, they only require an uncontrolled sphere of action, and that you shall have. Mark me, suggestions are not realizations, promises are not performances. In a state of transition between expectation and fulfillment, you can extort anything you wish from the lips of a man, and promises were made to be broken. 'At lovers' perjuries Jove laughs.' You understand me—"

"Sir, this outrage—" interposed Beatrice, with burning cheeks and glittering eyes.

"Silence, Beatrice. You are not a fool!" he cried, sharply, "else my tuition, and that of the best of preceptresses, has been thrown away. Let me not have to repeat this conversation, or you may find it take a yet more unpalatable form."

Having made these execrable observations, he bowed with studied politeness to her, and with a bland smile on his unpleasantly-set features, he quitted her presence.

She hurried to her room, and with blushing, burning face, wept scalding tears, but withal could not forego the desire to receive Erie alone, in an apartment in which she knew they would not be intruded upon, that, irrespective of her father's desire, she might obtain some definite clue to her own fate.

It so fell out that, early on the following day, Erie called at the mansion in Hyde Park Gardens just as Sir Harris Stanhope was about to leave it. By his directions, Erie, who had come in quest of Carlton, was ushered into an apartment, and in a few minutes afterwards Beatrice appeared. Her cheeks were flushed, but her lips were pale, and by the rapid heaving of her breast it was easy to see that she was laboring under some strong excitement.

Erie addressed her with his usual frankness, and held out his hand, in which she placed hers, cold as marble. He pressed it, and she raised her large, lustrous eyes, and looked into his with an expression it would have been impossible for him to mistake if his heart had not been pre-engaged.

He inquired for Carlton as he conducted her to a seat, and was informed that he was absent, but was expected shortly to return.

"The interval, if not too trying to your patience, you will perhaps kindly fill up by a little conversation with me? I want to talk with you, Mr. Gower," she said, in a low tone, and speaking with evident difficulty.

He put down his hat and gloves.

"Miss Stanhope," he said, "you are fond of depreciating your own attractions. I am sure it cannot be with the unnecessary purpose of extorting compliments, always trembling on one's lips when you appear. You know the pleasure I feel in your society, and yet you talk of trying my patience by passing with you an interval which cannot fail to prove agreeable to me."

"Perhaps to me," murmured Beatrice, her breathing being yet short and thick.

"If I thought it would not be," he returned, quickly, "you should not have occasion to accuse me of trying your patience by remaining here."

She looked up to him with a somewhat startled aspect.

"Why," she said, trying to smile, "do you flatter yourself that your society should prove agreeable to me."

"I judge by the past, and perhaps some faint idea of your nature. You have ever received me with distinguished kindness, for which I am deeply grateful; and I believe from my inmost soul, that unless my presence was acceptable to you, that you would, while being kind and affable, have established a distinction so wide from your present behaviour to me that I must have recognized it."

"I thank you, Mr. Gower," she replied, in a scarcely audible voice. "I am sincere; oh! believe me, I am sincere, and of all the world, most of all to you."

He raised her hand, which she extended towards him, to his lips.

"A friendship such as yours is indeed, to one like myself, an inestimable possession" he exclaimed, with some earnestness.

Friendship! how she hated that word!

She turned her head coyly towards him, and said, as she affected a smile, though her lips perceptibly trembled as they curled—

"I think there is something very cold in that word friendship."

He opened his eyes.

"It is chief among the social virtues," he returned, with some little ardor; "I prize it, Miss Stanhope, beyond almost all others—of course there are exceptions. In my early life, isolated as it was, it was to me a lode-star, to which my one earthly hope was directed. Of all the emotions human nature is capable of possessing, it is the truest, sincerest, most faithful, most loyal, as it is the most enduring."

"You have—omitted—forgotten, perhaps—love!" faltered Beatrice, looking down at her small foot, as it peeped from beneath her dress.

"Love is an emotion of another kind" responded Erie, thoughtfully, "though, when they are co-existent, they cannot fail to be productive of a happiness no cares or trials can alloy."

"Yet, surely love is the higher emotion," she observed, gazing suddenly and steadfastly at him.

"Highest, dearest, brightest, best of all!" he exclaimed, his eye kindling with a sudden enthusiasm, and then, with some confusion of manner, he added, with a smile, "The poet tells us that 'friendship is love—without his wings.'"

"Aye, without his wings!" she repeated, musingly, then added, "Poets are fond of painting love as inconstant. Why should it not be as constant and enduring as friendship? I believe it is."

"And I!" exclaimed Erie, emphatically.

"In fact," observed Beatrice, in a low tone, and with her heart beating tumultuously at the same time, "I suspect that between—that between two persons of opposite sexes—a youth and maiden, that friendship is—is love—and the wings have nothing to do with it."

He saw in his mental vision the form of Lady Maud, even as she looked when they made the discovery of the form their friendship had taken, and he rose up and said, with his heart full—

"Indeed—indeed, Beatrice, it is."

And she rose up, blinded with tears and emotion, and tottering towards him, threw herself upon his neck, murmuring—

"Oh, Erie, dear, dear Erie, it is love, not friendship, which exists—"

She could not conclude the work, and sank insensible in his arms. Utterly bewildered and overwhelmed, he stood for an instant motionless, then he bore her inanimate form towards a couch, and laying it gently upon it, rang the bell violently.

A servant appeared, and he said, in rapid accents—

"Miss Stanhope's maid instantly. Miss Stanhope has been seized with a sudden faintness. I will send a medical attendant."

With that he seized his hat, and hurried out of the house.

CHAPTER XLII.

For an instant Lord Kingswood was disconcerted by the abrupt entrance of Philip Avon. He was not quite certain that he had not overheard his concluding words. He greeted him with a sickly smile, and said, as he pointed to Lady Maud—

"I have somewhat roughly prepared Lady Maud for your unexpected arrival. Her lady-ship is a little disturbed—I should say rather unprepared for your appearance—and a little disorder of the mind in one so foolishly nervous can hardly surprise you. Indeed, when we remember the terrible circumstances which nearly cost you your life, her emotion is simply natural; you will, therefore, overlook any shortcomings which may appear during your reception, and attribute the deficiency to the right cause. I have thought it best to acquaint Lady Maud with the object of your visit, and my pledged word to your father, Sir Walter. I will smooth the way for both of you, and will enable you to shorten the duration of the present interview, which no doubt will prove in some respects a trial. I will leave you together, assured that Lady Maud, knowing my wishes, will respect them. On the termination of your interview you will, perhaps, Mr. Avon, rejoin me in my library."

Philip Avon bowed his head coldly, and Lord Kingswood, with a sidelong, uneasy glance at Lady Maud, quitted the room.

Although Lady Maud was in a half fainting condition from horror, fright, and sickening dismay at the communication Lord Kingswood had made to her, she yet had true and noble blood in her veins, and that unpurchaseable high breeding which enabled her to assume a dignified and even haughty carriage though she could barely keep herself from swooning.

Pale as marble, cold as a pillar of ice, with erect mien and a haughty expression upon exquisitely chiselled features, she awaited in motionless calmness what he had to say.

For at least a minute, he, too, stood motionless and in silence, with his large, unearthly-looking eyes resting upon her fair, beautiful, and aristocratic face.

As he slowly traced her delicately-formed features, a deep and passionate sigh burst from him, for they seemed to him, even in their wanness, more exquisitely lovely than he had ever yet beheld them.

But they seemed, too, in their immobility, to indicate that for him they would never become animated or radiant, that the downcast eye would never flash with joy at his coming, or beam with tenderness at his presence, that the slightly compressed lip would never curl in a glad smile of welcome or love for him. That the fair face upon which he gazed with passionate admiration would never glow with animation at his fervent words, or with delight at the deep and earnest offerings of his heart. This emotion of despairing hopelessness wrested a bitter sigh from his proud and turbulent breast, and this sigh caused Lady Maud to turn her eyes upon him.

She could not but be shocked by the change he had undergone.

His frame, naturally powerful, with well-knit limbs, had always indicated considerable physical strength without betraying bulkiness. Now it was wasted, spare,—unpleasantly gaunt. His face was thin even to flesh leanness; his cheek-bones and massive jaw bones were disagreeably prominent; his eyes were deeply set in their sockets, from whence they burnt brilliantly and fiercely; his complexion, which, previous to his encounter with Erie, had been a rich nut-brown, was now a horrible pale, sallow tint, like that of one who had been for twenty years incarcerated in a dungeon.

As he stood erect, grim and ghastly, glaring upon her, a fearful shudder, like a spasmodic convulsion, went through her frame, and if whiteness could be added to the line of alabaster, her face became yet a shade paler.

Her motion, however, was but momentary; with that power of controlling the outward aspect which most women possess in the presence of a man for whom they entertain a deeply rooted distaste, she remained firm and even majestic in her deportment.

One glance at his face and figure had sufficed her; her previous repugnance was now changed to aversion. To become the wife of this man was a doom to which none clinging to the House of Kingswood could afford a parallel. Death, as an alternative, were a leap into Paradise from horror and thus she felt even while the words of Lord Kingswood were ringing in her ears.

We seem instinctively to know when we create a favorable impression or dislike, and Philip Avon, from the first, knew that he had only succeeded in inspiring Lady Maud with aversion. Now, more than ever, he perceived how wide was the gulf which separated them, but what might have been passing in his mind he studiously concealed from her. He affected an attitude of melancholy, adopting the tone and manner of one who has a heavy grief weighing upon his heart, as though he hoped to win from her compassion and sympathy what he could not hope to obtain from her love.

"Lady Maud!" he exclaimed, in a hollow voice, on finding that she waited his speech, "an interval has passed since last we met of heavy moment to me. I will not shock or vex your ears with a history of the events which made me a victim to acts of the most cowardly villainy, acts which the miraculous interposition of Providence alone prevented being attended with a fatal termination. They relate only to myself and another. I have suffered, and the task of avengement is before me. Perhaps I am not wholly without blame in the matter. My natural impetuosity of temperament, allied to a nature that feels deeply, that loves as it hates, with passionate ardor and inflexible endurance, may have served to precipitate a crime which I have but too sound reasons to suspect would have been perpetrated at no very distant period. However, let it pass, you, Lady Maud, can only be distressed by any reference to it, and it is my most anxious wish to spare you, so far as it lies within my power, distress of any kind."

His furtive glance enabled him to tell, by the compression of her lips and the inflation of her nostrils, that his words had not been without their effect upon her.

No, indeed they had not; she felt bitterly the implied calumny upon Erie, which he had with such effrontery uttered, but she restrained the words which rushed to her lips in his defence, and only despised the calumniator the more.

Philip Avon, finding her silent, continued—

"I think, Lady Maud," he said, in the same quiet and somewhat humble tone, "it is due to your innocent and ingenuous nature to be plain and candid with you. It is my belief that misconceptions, and, in truth, much mischief, arises if questions of moment are left to be understood rather than expressed. We cannot actually know what is really intended by implication, but we have no excuse for misinterpretation when the plainest and most unequivocal language is adopted; it is, therefore, my purpose to be frank in my speech, and to utter my sentiments without the slightest disguise. You will not, at least, Lady Maud, be offended with me for adopting such a course."

Still silent, pale, immoveable, with downcast eyes, Lady Maud stood; and, neither by sign or word, gave him to understand that she assented or dissented from his proposition.

His eyes glittered, and his teeth grated, as he awaited a remark; but it did not come, and he continued to speak—

"Lady Maud," he said, drawing a deep breath, "though known to you for years, our intimacy is of comparatively recent date; nevertheless, from the first hour of introduction to you, transformed from a mere child into what you now are, I have loved you; I can hardly say fondly and tenderly—the words do not suit my nature—but I have loved you wildly, madly, passionately. It is no puny affection this love; it is not adoration, for that, in my eyes, is self-abasement; but it is, as I feel it, a delirium, a frenzy, an intoxication, but with this distinction—that it is not an insane delusion, a wild chimera, or a temporary infatuation, from which I am likely to awake cured of such folly. I love you as a man should love a woman, boldly and bravely; as one who should sit on his right hand and move with him proudly through life as he moves; dear to him as his life-blood, or his honor, as, in some sense, she is the mistress of it; he being, in her eyes, all in all. he her monarch, her world, her god. Thus, Lady Maud, do I love you, thus have I loved you. I could not permit a nameless dependant, a creature without origin or place, to dare to raise his eyes where mine rested. I could not, would not suffer even the fatalitiarities of relationship to play and dandle with the object on which my heart was set. Hence, I have been, perhaps, hasty, violent, and rude, where I only intended to protect my honor and my love, and to raise her to a pinnacle where she might be admired but not approached. If you, Lady Maud, will recall circumstances which have passed, you will discover, if the fact has not forced itself upon you already, that it is in this spirit I have acted. I, therefore, presumed that you could not censure proceedings taken avowedly in your honor, and to maintain inviolate the exalted position you are entitled to command."

Lady Maud unconsciously felt her self possession gradually returning. No one likes to hear the thing he loves, however mean, depreciated, certainly no one blest with a particle of a generous spirit, submits quietly to hear the being he honors as well as loves spoken of in contemptible terms. Especially is this true of woman. Especially was it true of Lady Maud when Erie Gower was thus derogatorily mentioned.

She turned her eyes coldly upon him, and with a distant *hauteur*, and in a voice fainter than she wished it to be, she said to him,

"You have presumed too much, Mr. Avon. I do not recognize any right you possess to defend my position, even if attacked. I am wholly unconscious of its having been attacked in any fashion displeasing to me."

"There you err, Lady Maud," instantly returned Philip Avon. "I love you—that would give me a title to defend your fame and your station from being tainted by contact with the unworthy. But I have yet another and a stronger right to interfere, a right which is intact, wholly independent of your recognition, a right by which I stand here now to address you."

"I comprehend you, sir," responded Lady Maud; "you allude to the promise made to Sir Walter Avon by Lord Kingswood. Let me add, however, that promise is worth little without my acquiescence."

"Worth everything, worth all," rejoined Philip, quickly. "Lady Maud, I first knew that I loved you by finding myself jealous of the attentions paid to you by others. I at once spoke to my father, Sir Walter, upon the subject of a marriage with you. I found in him, to my surprise, a bitter opponent to my views. He is fierce, obstinate, passionate, far more so even than myself. You perceive, Lady Maud, that I am candid in my admissions, and when I expressed my determination to make you my bride, his rage became uncontrollable. I laughed it to scorn, and after a severe struggle for the mastery, I brought him to reason. Understand me, Lady Maud, his opposition was based upon some monstrous superstition, which furnishes a terrible doom for him who marries a Kingswood, particularly one of the female branch. If making you mine brought perdition upon me, I would, knowing it, still wed you—and I will."

Lady Maud shrank back a step at this terrible confirmation of Lord Kingswood's assertion, but with rare courage she recovered herself almost instantaneously, and bravely held on.

"Actuated by these feelings, I sought Lord Kingswood," continued Philip, "and to him I broached the subject. He expressed no objection, and referred me to you. Such a reference I felt to be idle, because I believed your fancy to be taken, but not by me. So I suffered for the time your coyness to prevail, because there was a serpent in my path, whose poisonous sting I had resolved to cut out, and should, but that he basely and treacherously took an advantage of me, and—"

"It is false!" exclaimed Lady Maud, excitedly. "I know him to be as incapable of a dastardly act, as I am sure you are incapable of coping with him on fair and honorable terms."

Philip's face changed from its unearthly, sallow hue, to a yet more awful, livid tint.

"Your ladyship is quick at solving allegories," he said, savagely. "I spoke of a serpent. You readily understood to whom I alluded."

"You alluded, Mr. Avon, to one whom, by your own admission, you intended to inflict some deadly injury upon—to one who had the courage to face you and the skill to defeat you, even upon your own terms," returned Lady Maud, still betraying excitement.

He bowed stiffly.

"I will not contradict you, Lady Maud," he said, displaying his teeth in a spiteful, sardonic smile; "nor will I discuss the matter with you; it would be a needless waste of your time and mine. His triumph, such as it is, will be a short-lived one, and you, anon, will either be won to look down with shame upon the weakness which beguiled from you a thought upon him, or be enabled to mourn in silence and in secret—mark me, in secret, Lady Maud—that the creature is a thing of the past. But pardon me; all this is digressive, and foreign to what I wish to say to you. Returning to the point which immediately affects us both, I felt, after what had happened in Kingswood Chace, that a simple reference to you, deeply and unjustly prejudiced as you have been against me, was worse than useless to enable me to prosecute my suit with success. I therefore instructed my father, Sir Walter Avon, to wait upon Lord Kingswood, and to extort from him—if he could obtain it no other way—his consent to bestow your hand upon me. I knew that, according to the terms of his guardianship, he possessed unlimited control over your hand and your fortune; and if I once obtained his unequivocal pledge that you should be mine, that it would be irrevocable. I have obtained it, and I am here to present myself to you as your future husband."

"Never!" burst from the lips of Lady Maud.

"One moment, if you please," interposed Philip, raising his hand. "It is not necessary to ask your consent; you must obey, you will."

"I will perish, rather," exclaimed Lady Maud, firmly.

"Still, you will obey Lord Kingswood's mandate, and become mine," persisted Philip Avon. "I will tell you why. My father, Sir Walter, holds in his hand the fame, name, all that is dear to Lord Kingswood. Persist in your refusal to wed me, and nothing shall save him, Lady Kingswood, and your toy boy cousin, Cyril, from utter destruction."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Lady Maud, astounded at this extraordinary announcement.

"Nevertheless is it true," rejoined Philip Avon. "It is an easily-uttered threat, and might be spoken by me to terrify, you, without being founded in truth; but it is a truth. Sir Walter was well acquainted with the late Lord Kingswood, who perished by his own hand."

"A calumny," ejaculated Lady Maud, feeling cold and faint at this recurrence to the history of the Kingswoods. "The late Lord Kingswood was found dead at the foot of the old hunting-tower in the Chace, murdered by some undiscovered ruffian."

"Undiscovered until doomsday," responded Philip, with a sneer. "His hand committed the crime, or that of— No matter now. My father knew the present Lord Kingswood in his boyhood intimately, and there are periods in men's lives, Lady Maud, when they place themselves utterly in the power of another. Lord Kingswood has done this, and upon you rests his immunity from ruin. In good time I will prove this to you, and you will not then withhold your hand from me. I love you for your beauty, Lady Maud; but there are qualities of your mind which it would be impossible not to admire, because they display a romantic absence of selfishness. I have the greatest faith in your readiness to sacrifice yourself to save the Kingswood family from a frightful fate."

He paused for a moment to watch the effect his words were having upon her. He could see that they were working upon her brain and heart as if they were slowly murdering her; but he saw, too, that he should triumph, and that she would sacrifice herself to save Lord Kingswood and his family from the fate he foreshadowed for them should she refuse him.

He noticed how deadly was the pallor which overspread her feature, and he feared that she would swoon. He did not wish this; he therefore added, rapidly—

"But of this anon, Lady Maud. I do not wish to pain, distress, or terrify you. I only seek to impress upon you that mine you must and shall be, and having proved that, turn to gentler matters. I wish to woo you, Lady Maud, gallantly as well as boldly—tenderly, if that will better suit your taste. I know that your opinion of me has been clouded by the mist of prejudice. I am anxious to prove to you that I am not so repulsive as you deem me, perhaps as I have been painted. To do this successfully, I must have a fair and clear field. I must come and go at will, and I must be listened to when I speak. I will make pretty speeches enough to sicken of them. I will bring you presents the richest wealth can purchase, or fancy design, down even to a poor bouquet of worthless flowers. I will ride with you, walk with you, kneel to you—be a very Romeo if that will pleasure you—do all that I may to make you love me, and if I do not with all this trouble, most patiently exercised, succeed, still shall you be mine."

Again he paused as if to let her make some observation in reply, but she spoke not. Her eye was fixed on vacancy. She stood like a marble statue, but with her mind actively brooding upon a wild, chaotic confusion of horrors.

Philip Avon frowned, and subjoined—

"My health is not yet sufficiently restored to permit me to remain in London, and I therefore return immediately to Hawkesbury. The clear field I demand in which to woo you must be Kingswood Hall. Thither you must return at once; there I will woo you, win you if I can, conquer you under all circumstances. I take my leave of you, Lady Maud, until then. You will remember what I have said, especially my menace concerning Lord Kingswood. We shall meet again, and soon, at Kingswood Hall. Then do I expect to see your brow lighter, your eye grow brighter, the bloom return to your cheeks, and your happiest smiles bestowed upon Philip Avon, your future husband."

With these words, bowing haughtily, smiling triumphantly, he stalked out of the apartment; while Lady Maud sank upon her knees, raised her clasped hands to Heaven, and exclaimed—

"Oh, my God! in Thee alone can I put my trust! Aid me, aid me now!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Red noses are light houses to warn voyagers on the sea of life off the coast of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz and Holland.

☞ An elk can run a mile and a half in two minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that.

☞ A man that can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one of him.

☞ A book was printed during the time of Cromwell, with the following title:—"Eggs of Charity, laid by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled with the Water of Divine love—Take ye and eat."

☞ When the traveller Bruce returned to Cairo from the deserts of Nubia, he was so disfigured, that the Bey, unable to recognize him, exclaimed, "I remember the man well, but it was not such a man as this." He sent a slave to the illustrious traveller with a present of a basket of oranges, among which was a purse; the oranges Bruce accepted, but the purse he sent back, on which the Bey was satisfied of his identity, and clad him in a robe of honor. This may be considered an instance of moral identification.

☞ A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks the master inquired how much of his wages he had saved. "Faith, none at all," said he, "it rained yesterday, and it all went."

☞ Don't be cross because you are turning gray. If you are grizzly, you needn't be a grizzly bear.

☞ Man passes his life in reasoning on the past, in complaining of the present, and in trembling for the future.

☞ A western poetess speaks of waving a kiss to her sweetheart. These rhyming girls had better waive kisses altogether.

☞ It is easier to find a score of men wise enough to discover the truth than to find one intrepid enough, in the face of opposition, to stand up for it.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1861

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—*Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or else sending the money by the post. The per centage that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts, is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.*

SKIES BRIGHTER.

The passage of the Tariff Bill, and the prospect of brighter skies in the political horizon, have already had an effect upon financial interests. So healthy is the monetary condition of the country—as shown by the large accumulations of specie at all the principal cities, there being $34,000,000 in the New York banks alone—that nothing is needed but a tolerably tranquil prospect ahead, to cause all the industrial energies of the land to be brought into a state of even unusual activity. The boatmen are, as it were, waiting with motionless but extended arms, and uplifted oars, for "a pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether." Notwithstanding the present somewhat unsettled condition of affairs, we should not be at all surprised if the next ten years should be, on the whole, and for the greater portion of the country, as prosperous an era as has ever been experienced in our history.

A CORRECTION.—A Mississippi subscriber corrects the statement of the *Louisville Journal* that a tax of twelve dollars has been imposed upon every slave in that state. He says:—"The increase in tax is fifty per cent. on the last state tax. That tax was seventy-five cents, and fifty per cent. added makes $1.12½."

A FAMOUS PHRASE.

We were not aware, till recently, of the origin of a phrase often used, the "solid men of Boston." A late number of "The Welcome Guest," a London periodical, contains an article which lets us into the secret of the phrase in question, and of the amusing couplet which is so frequently quoted in New England:—

"Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations;
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations."

We had always supposed that the above couplet originated on this side of the Atlantic—and that it had its origin in a popular conviction of the danger that every Bostonian was in from "long orations," if not from "strong potations." But it seems we were mistaken. The author was Captain Morris of the "English Life Guards," who was a devoted whig, and an admirer of Mr. FOX. We quote as follows:—

The well-known anecdote of Pitt being fired at by the toll collector at Wimbledon-gate, was a fine opportunity for the wits of the Opposition. Pitt, Chancellor Thurlow, and Dundas (President of the Board of Control), had been dining with Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Liverpool. On their return, finding the turnpike gate open, and no toll-collector, they rode on, laughing at having evaded the toll; but the collector thought it no laughing matter, and, running out, called to them to stop; finding this produced no effect, he had actually the audacity to fire a carbine, loaded with slugs, after them; and, as if to add insult to injury, the man, by way of excusing himself for the act, said he had mistaken them for a gang of robbers, who had, for some length of time, been committing depredations in the neighborhood. This afforded Captain Morris an opportunity of ridiculing these members of the ministry. He accordingly wrote a song in the Yankee style, which, at the time, had great popularity:—

"Sit down, neighbors all, and I'll tell you a merry story,
About a British farmer, and Billy Pitt, the Tory;
I had it, piping-hot, from Ebenezer Barber,
Who sailed right from England, and lies in Boston harbor.

"This Billy Pitt is called Britannia's prime ruler,
Though he be but a puppet, that's hung out to fool her;
But his name was a passport to let in older sinners;
So he deals out the cards, that the knaves may be winners.

"Now it happ'd to the country he went for a blessing,
And from his state dad to get a new lesson;
He went to Daddy Jenky, by Trimmer Hal attended;
Good luck! in such company how his morals must be mended.

"This Harry was always a prime foe to Boston;
With bowels so greedy, they yearn'd for Hindostan.
If I had him in our township, I'd feather him and tar him,
With forty lacking one too, I'd lam him and I'd scar him.

"With their skins full of wine, and their heads full of state tricks,
Shain reforms, commutations, and the rest of their late tricks,
He came back with Harry, two birds of a feather,
And, both drink as pipers, they knocked their heads together.

"He then proceeds to tell how they lost their way, and got benighted, till, at length, they reach a cottage, and arouse the countryman, who puts a gun out of the window, and warns them off the premises. Pitt tries his oratory in vain:—

"Now Billy began for to make an oration,
As oft he had done to bamboozle the nation;
But Hodge cried, 'Begone! or I'll crack thy young crown for't!
Thou belongst to a rare lot of rogues, I'll be bound for't.'"

Pitt failing to be heard, Dundas is called to his assistance, but with no better success:—

"Then Harry stept up; but Hodge wisely supposing
His part was to steal while the other was prosing,
Let fly at Master Billy, and shot him through his nave coat,
Oh, what a pity it was it didn't hit his waistcoat!"

The whole concluding with the Yankee moral:—

"Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations;
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations;
Solid men of Boston, go to bed at sundown,
And never lose your way, like the loggerheads of London."

The popularity of this ballad was immense. It was even quoted in Parliament, in Pitt's presence, by two such men as Burke and Sheridan. One night, the former, in rather significant allusions to Sheridan's habits of intemperance, finished some sarcastic remarks on his political conduct by repeating the following lines:—

"Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations;
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations,"—

to the great laughter of the assembly. But Sheridan, never at a loss, started up, and, in allusion to some presumed negotiation between Burke and the Ministry, happily answered from the same ballad,—

"He went to Daddy Jenky, by Trimmer Hal attended;
Good luck! in such company, how his morals must be mended."

Jenky (Jenkinson) was said to be the immediate channel of communication between the King and the Minister. Trimmer Hal was Harry Dundas.

The story in the song is evidently varied from the true state of the case; but poets have an original license to be as picturesque as they please.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF LORD BACON, FROM UNPUBLISHED PAPERS. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON, of the Inner Temple. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

When Dickens wrote his famous little essay on "Missions," the chief literary performances of Mr. Hepworth Dixon had not appeared before the public, or the chronicler of Augustus Moddle might possibly have made an addition to his list; the peculiar mission of the amiable Barrister of the Inner Temple seeming to be to follow after the calumniators of great men, and clean away the ink spots with which they bespatter their subjects.

We all remember how energetically Mr. Dixon defended William Penn from the aspersions of Macaulay, and with what phlegmatic assurance the great historiographer passed by the defence, merely taking occasion, in his second edition, to give "an extra punch to the hatted head of the man of peace." How far that contemptuous indifference has served to stimulate the zeal with which Mr. Dixon has undertaken the defence of his present illustrious subject, we can

chiefly guess by his so studiously ignoring, in most instances, Macaulay's statements and arguments on the opposite side, even while he addresses himself to their refutation.

It is a good and a natural impulse that prompts us to look with reverent eyes on those great ones who have given themselves to posterity. Only the mean malignity of selfishness and envy can rejoice in the exposure of their follies, their faults, or their crimes. We would fain give our love and esteem where we owe so large a debt of gratitude. Feeling thus, we begun the perusal of the Personal History of Lord Bacon with a lively desire that the "hitherto unpublished papers," from which the work professes to be compiled, might throw some entirely new light on the dark passages in the life of that truly great man. We closed it with sad disappointment, in the conviction that all the ingenuity of special pleading has not sufficed to explain them away.

Many and various are the charges which have been brought against Francis Bacon by his own age and by posterity, but darkest of all the list stands the account of his connection with the Earl of Essex, and its mournful and shameful end. How stand the facts, unembarrassed by crimination or defence? As early as 1591, Bacon became connected in close and confidential intercourse with Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the new star of the court, the ambitious aspirant for power, the impulsive, warm-hearted, passionate and undisciplined favorite of Elizabeth. Whether this connection was, as Mr. Dixon affirms, merely that of a lawyer and man of business with his employer; or, as other writers have represented it, that of a client with his patron, through whom he hoped to rise to power and place; or whether Bacon was what Essex called him, his "dear and good friend," thus much is certain: that for nearly two years, Essex, to use his own words, "spent all his power, might, authority and amity" to advance Bacon to the high office of Attorney-General, and, failing in this,—either through the jealous opposition of the two Cecils to their dangerously-gifted kinsman, or through Essex's own hasty temper and unwise persistency,—sought to make amends for his failure by a gift of land, and by recommending his fortunes to the care of other powerful and noble friends, in words that to this day touch the hearts of those that read them, and *seem* to bear the mark of true and deep friendship.

We all know the close of Essex's story. His disastrous rebellion was more than rash and wrong-headed; we may call it wicked; but that Bacon should be the one to bear hardest on its wickedness,—that when Essex's guilt was proven, and his fate impending, his former friend should consent to head the prosecution against him,—that his eloquence should be used to strip him of his last hope of mercy, and barb the sentence of the law, is a fearful blot that no effort of a too-partial biographer can clear from his fame.

Mr. Dixon does his utmost. He depicts Essex as a passionate, obstinate fool, a ponting, selfish boy. He lowers to the least possible sum the money value of the landed estate with which Essex endowed his friend. He exaggerates the blunders of his fruitless efforts to advance that friend to place. In order to prove she boundless devotion due from Bacon to the Queen, he raises Elizabeth's character to more than mortal perfection. Once only he allows her a "woman's weakness," and then it is to speak of her clemency, her reluctance to shed blood, and her efforts to save Mary Stuart from the block! A strange transformation of a lion to a lamb, indeed! We can hardly identify *this* Elizabeth with the one who wrote to a refractory Bishop, "My Lord Bishop, I made you, and I can unmake you. Obey me, or by the Lord Almighty, I'll unfrock you!" *That* woman was apt to succeed in her "efforts."

Mr. Dixon indignantly denies the stories of her vanities, her spites, her jealousy of the wives of her favorites. He calls her Bacon's "most warm and munificent friend." Her munificence was, to say the least, of a most economical and un-Queenlike character; consisting of a gift of sixty acres of land, at a nominal rent, and the reversion of the office of a man who appears to have outlived his destined successor.

But granting all this proven, still there stand unmoved the damning facts, and we must still pronounce Bacon's conduct in this case not generous, not grateful, we may say, not manly.

Point after point passes before the biographer to be argued in Bacon's favor. He presides at the torture of Peacham. Mr. Dixon cries out for us to remember the age in which he lived. Why, this was almost the last case in which torture was used in England, and Bacon was not the man of that age, but in intellect and knowledge far above and beyond it.

He tampers with the judges to effect the conviction of the same miserable man. His biographer is ready with a precedent to prove that he was not the only man to thus muddy the fount of justice.

Again and again are facts smoothed and coaxed into the form most favorable for Bacon, as much as such stubborn things can be. Even in the story of his downfall, when in his office of Lord Chancellor the taking of bribes was proved upon him, when he himself confessed the charge, and was degraded from his high office, and adjudged to punishment, the cry is, that it was an age of fees and bribes, and that we must not expect from Bacon an integrity not practised by those around him.

Away with such sophistries. In the name of Truth, more sacred than any tenderness due to the memory of Francis Bacon, we protest against them. It may be good to desire to esteem the moral character of the man, as we reverence the intellectual power of the philosopher, but of far more importance is it that truth should be called truth, and good known as good, and that no man, even the greatest, should persuade us that what is expedient should be preferred to what is right.

Had Bacon no light to guide him, then, in that age, which is made his plea? had Christ not come to him? was the Sermon on the Mount a dead letter? had the man, whose mighty intellect extended in widest sway over the domains of mental and moral philosophy, no ability to decide upon such plain questions of right and wrong? On the contrary, he prostituted most noble gifts to an unworthy end. He took the world for his master instead of God. He left his Father's house, where was bread enough and to spare, to feed on empty husks; and in the end he found the common fate of all who have preferred expediency to right, in being no longer able to discern where true expediency lay.

We are convinced that he himself was made to see this truth; that he was a happier and a greater man in the retirement of the last five years of his life than when at the acme of his worldly grandeur; and we find a pathetic confession of his need of charitable judgment in that often-quoted sentence of his Will in which he says, "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next age."

From that charitable judgment we would not depart. The effects of his wrong-doing have passed away; his good works remain as a benefaction to all posterity. Let no one dare to bear too hardly on his faults, if they themselves have given to self or the world the love of heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, that belong to one alone. But let us beware, too, lest in tenderness for the sinner we palliate or justify the sin.

FAST DAY SERMONS; OR, THE PULPIT ON THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY. Sermons by Rev. J. H. Thornwell, Rev. B. M. Palmer, Rev. H. W. Beecher, Rev. Francis Vinton, &c. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

PAMPINEA AND OTHER POEMS. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

FLIRTATION, AND WHAT COMES OF IT. By FRANK B. GOODRICH. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, FOR 1861. Published by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA; AND THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

HINDOO CASTES.

Few of our readers are unacquainted with the singular division of the Hindoos into castes, and with the pernicious effects which flow from this fatal and superstitious policy. It is probably not so well known that the same exclusive principle is carried out to even a still more absurd extent, if possible, by the native artisans. Those people, though sprung from what is considered the lowest and most contemptible order—in the theocratic idea of society—are as devoted to their religion as the Brahmins themselves, and as eager to perpetuate its ancient dogmas. The working classes of India, accordingly, are divided into as many sects as there are castes in their religion. For example, a native carpenter will neither eat nor sleep with a stone-mason, nor a brassfounder with a coppersmith. When it is considered how nearly those branches of trade are allied to each other, the absurdity of the principle becomes more apparent. But this is not all. It sometimes happens, in some of the large works in the neighborhood of Bombay, that the workmen consist of a mixture of Hindoos, Mahometans, Parsees, and perhaps a sprinkling of Portuguese, all of whom profess different creeds, and hate each other with that perfect hatred which only theological differences can inspire.

☞ THE DANDY'S WIGS.—One would never guess the device adopted by one of our Parisian dandies, of ripe age, to delude his acquaintances into the supposition that his luxuriant wig is the natural product of his own cranium. The secret has been betrayed by a treacherous barber. The gentleman, it seems, caused to be manufactured as many wigs as there are days in the month, each wig being provided with a box and a number. Every morning he puts on a peruke slightly differing from the others. Thus, the hair of No. 4 is a trifle longer than that of No. 3, and so on to Nos. 30 and 31, which look as if they needed clipping. Upon reaching the last day of the month, our ingenious beau visits his club or the boudoir of some fair one, runs his fingers through his "scratch," and says in a careless tone, "my hair is growing entirely too long, I must have it cut!" And the next morning he dons No. 1 again. I recommend this clever dodge to such of our American Adonises as have been so unfortunate as to become bald. The plan works far better than Macassar oil.

☞ A plain, hard-fisted old man called upon Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, the other day. The Governor, supposing, of course, that the man wanted a place somewhere, expressed his appreciation of his past services, and said he was sorry he could not reward him with an office. "But I don't wan't an office," said the old man, "I merely called to see if you didn't want to buy a good dog?" He probably supposed a dog was wanted to keep off the office seekers.

☞ A "gentleman of veracity" asserts that he saw a horse's nose frozen in, while drinking at a trough, at Portland, Me., last month.

☞ Idleness is the mother of mischief; the moment a horse has done eating his oats, he turns to and gnaws down his manger. Subsitute labor for oats, and virtue for manger, and what is true of horses is equally true of men.

☞ Beware of such food as persuades a man, though he be not hungry, to eat it; and those liquors that will prevail with a man to drink them when he is not thirsty.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A ROMANTIC STORY—PRECEPT AND PRACTICE—CHINESE TREASURES—A WORD ABOUT JADE—NIL DESPERANDUM.

PARIS, Feb. 8th, 1861.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The important part played by the late Lord Aberdeen in the politics of Europe during the stormy career of the first Napoleon, of whom he was one of the most persevering opponents, has naturally rendered the recent decease of the Scotch earl a subject of multifarious comment on the part of the French press. The enumeration of the titles of the late peer gave rise, of course, to sundry amusing errors; and of the numerous anecdotes brought out concerning him, it would hardly do to receive them all as gospel, though some of them are ingenious enough, and have gone the rounds of the *salons* as "authentic."

Some years ago, according to the gossiping chronicles of Paris, the earl, who had come to Paris *incognito*, to take a few days rest from the fatigue of cabinet-cares, happened, when dining at the British embassy, to be seated next to "an eccentric Englishman," Lord S——, whom all Paris had been in the habit of seeing, for twenty years, at the opera, not one of whose representations he missed, and at which he always occupied the first stall in the first row, to the left of the stage. Lord S—— was tall, thin, with a violent stoop; and always wore a blue cloth coat with gold buttons. Though so assiduous in his attendance at the opera, he never looked towards the stage. He kept his eyes constantly fixed on "a book of religious philosophy," which was his invariable companion on these occasions; occasionally suspending his reading, in order to listen, when he would close his book, but still kept his eyes bent upon its cover. He had never seen the foot of any *danseuse*; and had he been told that Mme. Dorus was dark-complexioned, or that Duprez was the handsomest man of the day, it would have been impossible for him, on his own knowledge, to have contradicted either of those very erroneous assertions.

While the evenings of the "eccentric peer" were thus given to the opera, his mornings were devoted, with equal regularity, to the famous Musical School of the Conservatoire; a vast, convent-like building in the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière, with long covered galleries leading to the various class-rooms, and a large garden full of trees, flowers, birds, and (in summer) sunshine, within whose classic precincts assemble some hundreds of youthful aspirants to the glories of the stage, whose charms of voice and of person they are carefully taught to make the most of, with the aid of the most skillful professors, of both sexes, of the arts of singing and declamation. Lord S—— awaited, at the entrance of the Conservatoire, the arrival of a charming young girl, about sixteen years of age, with a complexion of roses and lilies, and a profusion of golden curls, who never failed to make her appearance at the usual hour, accompanied by a plump and handsome negress, with the whitest of teeth, and the most coquettishly-twisted of bandannas. As soon as Lord S—— perceived the young lady, he walked up to her, shook her affectionately but respectfully by the hand, and gave her a roll of paper. This paper invariably contained the result of his reflections on the performances of the preceding evening, with observations on the art of singing, criticisms on the style of the singers in vogue, advice as to the cultivation of the voice, and hints on the rendering of the different parts in the favorite operas of the day. The excellent counsel thus given on the subject of singing always terminated with equally excellent advice with regard to behaviour, conduct, and the moralities of every-day life.

The paternal passion of Lord S—— for the pretty pupil of the Conservatoire was no secret for his friends; and many were the quizzings which he underwent upon the subject. At the dinner in question, so many questions were addressed to Lord S—— touching his young *protege*, that Lord Aberdeen's curiosity was excited.

"May I ask if the young lady is handsome?" he inquired of Lord S——.

"That is a point which your lordship shall decide for yourself!" replied Lord S——, taking his watch from his pocket, and showing to Lord Aberdeen a locket, attached to the watch-chain, and containing a miniature of the young lady.

On seeing this portrait, Lord Aberdeen uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, this is Jenny Kennedy!" he cried, "but no, that is impossible; for Jenny must now be forty or forty-five years of age!"

"Jenny Kennedy," replied Lord S——, "was this young lady's mother."

"Take me to see her to-morrow," said Lord Aberdeen, in a low voice, to Lord S——, as he gave him back the locket, and immediately directed the conversation to other topics.

During the Restoration, Lord Aberdeen had a secretary named John Kennedy, an Irish Catholic, whose daughter, Jenny, was devoted, to excess, to the peculiarities of the Catholic faith. Canning was then in power; and Lord Aberdeen, faithful to his Tory principles, opposed a vigorous resistance to the Whig Minister in the House of Lords, in which he was one of the most zealous and determined adversaries of the Bill for the Enfranchisement of the Roman Catholics.

The morning after Lord Aberdeen had made his great speech against this bill, he was surprised by the entrance of his Secretary's daughter into his Cabinet, and still more by the change which seemed to have taken place in her appearance and demeanor. The young girl, whom he had always seen with her eyes cast down, a great stillness of manner, and something of the rigid pensiveness of the virgin martyrs carved on the walls of Cathedral-porches, seemed completely transfigured. Her fair and dreamy face expressed the most violent excitement; her eyes sparkled with anger, and her rosy lips quivered with unspoken indignation. Her figure drawn up to its full height, with the air of a Nemesis, or of Jeanne d'Arc, she slowly advanced towards the table at which the astonished statesman was sitting; without articulating a single word, she pointed, at him with a gesture that seemed a curse, brandished a knife above his head, and fell to the ground in a fainting-fit.

A few hours afterwards the Secretary and his daughter had quitted London for the Mauritius, where Lord Aberdeen had given him a post.

The mute but menacing protestation of the young Catholic against the oppression and insult to which her faith was subjected by its adversaries, seemed to have had an influence on the mind of Lord Aberdeen. At all events, he modified his course about that time; and instead of continuing his opposition to the famous Catholic Emancipation Bill, he made, in 1833, in favor of the measure, an eloquent and forcible speech, that contributed powerfully towards the passing of the Act. He showed the same liberality in the course of the debates with regard to the Scotch Church, and, in 1851, during the discussion of the Bill against the establishment of a Romanist hierarchy in Great Britain, he opposed the Bill as contrary to the right of religious toleration.

On the morrow of the dinner at the Embassy, Lord Aberdeen accompanied Lord S—— to the Conservatory; and, on the conclusion of the lessons, learning that she lived with her father, a Frenchman whom her mother had married in the Mauritius, he requested permission to walk home with her. Jenny Kennedy had died two years before; she had often spoken to her daughter of Lord Aberdeen, and of the scene of the knife.

"I have always cherished a feeling of gratitude towards Jenny Kennedy," said Lord Aberdeen to the young lady's father. "She rendered me more tolerant: and I hold myself her debtor. I trust that you will not refuse to allow me to discharge to your daughter the debt which I have so long owed to her mother."

"My dear child," interrupted Lord S——, joyfully, "you may indeed bless the memory of your mother. For, thanks to her, and to the generosity of Lord Aberdeen, you will be able at once to quit the dangerous career on which you were about to enter, and which you may now exchange for the less brilliant but far safer and happier path of private life."

Jenny the younger left the Conservatory forthwith; and a few months afterwards, furnished with a handsome "dot" by her new friend, she married a young clergyman of the English church, then resident in Paris, thus giving proof of the same tolerance in matters of religious belief of which her mother had given so strange a lesson to her protector. A year or two ago she went to England with her husband, who is now settled as rector of a large and populous parish in the neighborhood of London.

A very interesting article in the *Revue Contemporaine* gives some curious details about China and the Chinese; nothing among this strange people being stranger than the immense chasm which separates precept from practice in all their doings. Two thousand six hundred years before Christ, the Emperor Hoang-te gave the following excellent definition of good government:—"To provide for the wants of the people; not to evince indifference or contempt towards them; to assign to each his duty according to his position, and not to multiply unnecessarily the duties of each." Upwards of two thousand years later Confucius laid down the following nine rules for sovereigns: "1. To labor incessantly at rendering themselves perfect; 2. To revere wise men; 3. To love their parents; 4. To honor their Ministers; 5. To be in harmony with the other functionaries of the Empire; 6. To treat and love the people like a son; 7. To invite philosophers and artists to their Court; 8. To receive foreigners with cordiality; 9. To treat the great vassals with friendship." So much for Chinese precept. As for their practice, the experience of all nations who have had anything to do with the Celestials has fully sufficed to enlighten us thereupon. To say nothing of their proverbial ill-treatment of foreigners, the Emperor proves his respect for the sixth rule of Confucius by laying all the country round Pekin under water, within a circle of thirty leagues, by opening all the sluices, and cutting the dykes, whenever the capital is threatened with a hostile attack. By this paternal measure, a vast number of his subjects are relieved forever of all care for earthly things, the sluices being opened without any previous notification or warning, and the swarming population perishing by tens of thousands; while those who escape the inundation have ample work, for years afterwards, in restoring the devastated regions to their former flourishing condition. The Emperor is lord of all the lands of the realm, and over all the property of those who occupy it.—He has the monopoly of salt and of all kinds of grain; the latter he farms out by compulsion to rich merchants, at such exorbitant prices that they cannot fail to be ruined in a short time. Censors are appointed to watch over the conduct of all the high functionaries, and of the Emperor himself, but the latter duty is not unattended with danger; for the Emperor Cheou-Sin illustrated the fourth rule by sending for the heart of an inconvenient censor, in order to see whether it had the seven holes which, according to Chinese ideas of moralistic anatomy, the heart of every truly wise man should have. In illustration of the third rule, may be cited the doings of the Emperor Chin-che-hoang-te, who caused twenty-seven men of letters to be put to death, because they dared to remind him of his filial duty towards his mother. But the whole history of China might be quoted to show that the precepts of Confucius, which are really most excellent, are a dead letter in the country which gave him birth. Of their skill in artistic industry, however, all reports agree in praise; and public curiosity is great ly excited with regard to the thirty-seven or more crates full of objects offered to the Emperor, Empress and Prince Imperial, by the French troops in China, and which are now on their way to Paris, where they will, of course, be exhibited for the public gratification. Among these precious objects, one of the most valuable and curious is the sceptre of green jade, which forms a pair with the one selected for Queen Victoria from the English portion of the booty taken from the Summer Palace of the Emperor. Jade, of which we here know so little, has long held a high rank, say learned jewellers, among precious stones. It was one of the twelve inserted in the Jewish High Priest's breastplate, where it figured under the name of *agure*; and has been, for ages, an important article of trade between the eastern and western parts of Asia, either in the rough state, or made into amulets, seals, cups, dagger-handles, &c. At one time it was supposed to possess great medicinal virtues. Blue, white, and pale green jade are found in China Proper; red in the Cores; green from Tartary, and black from Thibet. The only strata now known to contain this stone are in the Kouen-lun mountains, an offshoot of the Himalayas, where the Yu river takes its rise. Farther on, that stream divides into three branches, on the frontiers of Khotan, called the White Yu, Black Yu, and Green Yu rivers, from the color of the jade brought down by their waters. These stones are collected in the autumn, when the water is low. Those of a greenish white, and waxy white, are considered the most valuable.—Jade is semi-transparent, very much like field-spar, is hard enough to cut glass, strikes fire like flint, and takes a good polish. It is seldom found in pieces more than 1½ inches long; but the Chinese annals mention a piece weighing 237 lbs; and a stone above two feet in length was presented, in 1170, to the Emperor of China, by the King of Khotan. This last is probably the specimen seen by the missionaries in the Imperial Palace, and which they stated to be so heavy that though only a foot thick, it required four men to move it. The Chinese make an artificial jade, which is the object of a very considerable trade.

On Tuesday, of last week, a young workman, named Cautais, was buried by a fall of earth in the great marl pit of Bernambuse. His comrades all escaped, and carried the sad news of Cautais's misfortune to the village. The whole place at once turned out, and relays of men, under the direction of his father, worked day and night in hollowing out a tunnel for the poor fellow's release. As, with all their efforts, they could only proceed at the rate of an inch per hour, no one dared hope that the young man could be got out alive. But on Friday, they heard faint knockings, which proved that Cautais was alive, heard, and wished to stimulate them by showing that he knew they were approaching him. By night they could hear his voice, and ascertained that he was very hungry, but unhurt. On Saturday, the tunnellers reached the hollow in which the prisoner was; and carefully removed him in a blanket, under the direction of the village doctor, to a neighboring farm, where he was placed in a bed, and fed with all due precautions. He was excessively weak, and a fever was setting in, but happily arrested by the care of the physician. Cautais had just finished his dinner when the fall took place; and he had with him a piece of bread. But his surviving so long a fast, with the want of air, the mental agony of such a living burial, is most surprising. The affair had created immense excitement, and people flocked daily, for miles round, to the mouth of the pit, waiting with painful interest for the finding of the prisoner, though supposing he must inevitably have succumbed to the horrors of his position. QUANTUM.

☞ Near Cleveland lives a hale and hearty man whose wife says he is possessed of the most sensitive feelings, and in proof of which she states, that, when she goes into the yard and saws wood for half a day, he sits by the fire with tears in his eyes.

☞ INNOCENCE.—We copy the following from a recent number of *The Grandmother's Gazette*:—"A pretty little child, being asked by her godpapa where cotton grew, replied, with the greatest simplicity, in gentlemen's ears."—*Punch.*

☞ To be calm and cool in inferior things is better than zeal. "A man of understanding is of an excellent spirit, in the Hebrew, a cool spirit. Injuries do not fret him into a fume; neither does any occurrence heat him into height of joy, grief, or anger."

☞ FASHIONABLE WOMEN.—Read the biographies of our great and good men and women—not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from plain, strong minded women, who had about as little to do with the fashions as with the changing clouds.

☞ Since ladies have commenced the practice of medicine, the health of young men has been very delicate.

☞ The latest style of dress worn by New York lady skaters, is described as the Polish costume, with short, blue skirts, fur trimmed basques and hats, and tight fitting ankle boots, trimmed also with fur. Others have a semi-Zouave costume, with a short skirt of a bright red, and pantelets of the same ruddy hue, fastened tightly around the ankle; the basque and hat both trimmed with fur, and neatly fitting skating boots. These are considered picturesque and comfortable.

☞ "What part of speech is hat?" asked a dame the other day.

"Masculine," replied the scholar.

"Indeed. Then what's the feminine?"

"Why, bonnet, to be sure."

☞ An Irishman meeting a countryman, inquired his name.

"Walsh," said the man.

"Walsh," responded Paddy. "Are ye from Dublin? I knew two old maids there of that name; was either of 'em yer mother?"

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 1st, the report of the Select Committee on the propositions of the Peace Conference and of Mr. Crittenden, was taken up, and also the resolutions from the House. Mr. Seward offered his joint resolution for a Convention as a substitute. Mr. Hunter, of Va., moved to strike out the first article of the Peace Congress proposition, and insert the first article of the Crittenden propositions. A discussion ensued, in which both the Virginia Senators declared against the scheme presented by the Peace Congress, and Mr. Crittenden for it. After some continued discussion the House resolutions were made the special order for Saturday.

The Select Committee of the House on the alleged abstraction of books from the library by members of Congress, report that they regard the entire charge as groundless, and characterize it as a fair specimen of many of the sensation special despatches sent from Washington. They say the remedy is not with the House, but with the newspaper proprietors in the more cautious selection of their correspondents.

The following is the resolution which passed the House on the 28th ult.:

JOINT RESOLUTION TO AMEND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Be it resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, (two-thirds of both Houses concurring, That the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of the said Constitution, viz:—

Article XII.—"That no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorise or give Congress power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions therein, including that of persons held to labor or servitude by the laws of said State."

The Speaker announced the result—yeas 133, nays 65, amid great applause from both the Democratic and Republican sides of the House, as well as the galleries.

The motion to call a National Convention was previously lost by yeas 74, nays 109.

The Crittenden proposition was also previously rejected, yeas 80, nays 113.

The Corwin Committee resolutions were adopted by yeas 136, nays 53. These resolutions endorse "any reasonable, proper, and constitutional remedies—censure all personal liberty bills, and advise their repeal—recognize the propriety of the faithful execution of the laws relative to fugitive slaves—advise the adoption of measures by the States for the protection of the citizens of other States travelling within their limits, &c." Two of the resolutions read:—

Resolved, That we recognize slavery as now existing in fifteen of the United States by the usages and laws of those States; and we recognize no authority, legally or otherwise, outside of a State where it has existence, to interfere with slaves or slavery in such States, in disregard of the rights of their owners or the peace of society.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the Federal Government to enforce the Federal laws, protect the Federal property, and preserve the Union of these States.

In the House, on the 1st, the report of the Committee of Thirty-three was again taken up, the pending proposition being the act to admit New Mexico as a State. Mr. Hickman moved to lay the bill on the table, which was agreed to by ayes 114, nays 71. The bill to amend the fugitive slave law (granting a jury trial in the State from which the fugitive is alleged to have fled) was next taken up. Mr. Hickman moved to lay it on the table; rejected, ayes 73, noes 104. The bill passed by ayes 92, noes 82. The next and last bill, which Mr. Whiteley, of Del., denounced as violative of the rights of every State was rejected by ayes 47, noes 136. After the recess, Mr. Grow yielded to a motion to suspend the rules to take up the Peace Conference propositions. The vote stood 92 yeas against 66 nays, two-thirds not having voted in favor of it, the motion was lost. The Senate bills forming territorial governments for Dacotah and Nevada passed. These bills contain no reference to slavery. The volunteer bill was then taken up.

THE NEW CABINET.

The new Cabinet is probably as follows:—
Secretary of State—William H. Seward.
Secretary of the Treasury—Salmon P. Chase.
Secretary of the Interior—Simon Cameron.
Secretary of the Navy—Caleb B. Smith.
Secretary of War—Montgomery Blair.
Attorney-General—Edward Bates.
Postmaster General—Gideon Welles.
Three original Democrats, Chase, Blair and Welles, three original Whigs, and Mr. Cameron.

☞ Pure pride is to be seen everywhere, and is always an evidence of weakness and vulgarity. Make no exhibition of your means, and if misfortune befall any of your friends, be still more careful not to display before them your superior fortune. Many a heart has been wounded by conduct of this sort, which prevails largely among the members of families.

☞ A lover, vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his fair inamorata, said: "The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it clear."

"Suppose you pop it," whispered the blushing damsel.

☞ In our definitions we grope after the *spiritual* by describing it as invisible. The true meaning of *spiritual* is *real*; that law which executes itself, which works without means, and which cannot be conceived as not existing.—*Emerson.*

☞ A great poet says that "the mountains stand fixed forever." We know, however, that it is no uncommon thing for them to "slope."

☞ Copper soled shoes have been recommended as a substitute for rubbers, but if the following be true, they are by no means to be adopted. "Three persons in Sussex, England, have lately lost their lives by wearing sheet copper in the soles of their shoes, to keep the feet dry. When the inner soles give way, the perspiration of the feet acting upon the copper, communicates to the system an active and dangerous poison."

☞ SNOBS.—Burns, hearing a young snob boast of his familiarity with the aristocracy, and that he had dined with a party of noblemen the day before, wrote—

"Of lordly acquaintance you boast,
And the dukes that you dined wi' yest'reen,
Yet an insect's an insect at most,
Though it crawl on the curl of a queen!"

☞ Lady: "Dear me, Count, you don't look well to-day." Count: "Oh! I have done vare foolish ting—vare foolish ting—I have wash my neck!"

ON THE RIO GRANDE.

I.

We chased the wild Guerrilla
Through chaparral and glade,
And they fell beneath the sabres
Of the fearless Tenth Brigade;
Then faint with wounds and parched with thirst
We pitched our tents that day,
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

II.

We picketed the horses,
Placed sentries east and west,
And, wrapped in our Spanish capes,
Like soldiers took our rest
Some dreamed of home, some could not sleep,
And the moon hung cold and gray
Above us on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

III.

Up spoke our gallant leader,
Astride his restful roan,
"Sleep ye who can, my comrades,
I'll watch the camp alone;
A restless spirit in my brain
Keeps sleep and rest at bay."—
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

IV.

All in the misty moonlight
I saw him come and go,
With his long Kentucky rifle
Across his saddle-bow;
And he hummed a tender old love-tune,
A ballad blithe as May.—
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

V.

The dew was on the flowers,
The air was full of June,
And the river on the shallows
Made music to the moon,
While around our still encampment prowled
Wild beasts in search of prey.—
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

VI.

A rustle in the coppice!
A shadow on the grass!
Is that a friend, oh, sentinel,
That you should let him pass?—
Then the sharp, quick crack of a rifle broke
On the air, and died away.—
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

VII

The drummer beat reveille,
The startled war-horse neighed,
And our leader, reeling in his seat,
Tugged at his trusty blade,
Rose in his stirrups once, and then—
We heard the bugles play.—
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

VIII

And Leavenworth was dying,
His head upon my knee;
"Take those," he faintly said, "to one
Who long will wait for me!
And tell her—" 'Twas a tress of hair
And a three-year-old bouquet.—
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

IX.

We wrapped him in our colors—
The red and white and blue—
Oh, we wrapped him in our colors,
That tender soul and true!
And more than one bronzed hero wept
Like a little child that day.
As we buried him on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay. —*Harper's Monthly*

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

The events which form the subject of the following sketch, occurred during a sojourn of three months with a surveying-party in one of the wildest districts of Canada. We were occupied in tracing the course of a hitherto unexplored river, which unfolded to us a succession of scenic effects, such as would have delighted an artist and poet, and which they only could describe.

It would be difficult to convey to the reader who has not shroussched out in the woods, the luxury of those evenings around the camp-fire.

After a deal of story-telling, we all turned in for the night—that is, we rolled ourselves in our blankets, and fell asleep with our feet towards the fire.

The stories told upon the evening I have in my mind, had all been about wolves, some of which rapacious creatures were said to be then in our neighborhood. Owing, perhaps, to my imagination having been excited by these tales, I had a terrible nightmare. I dreamed that wolves were pursuing me; I knew they were gaining on me; I could hear their howls growing more and more distinct. There is a point of agony at which all dreams must have an end—I awoke with a terrible start, and found myself bathed in a cold sweat, and a prey to a sense of terror for which I could not account. Instead of the cheerful blaze which I had seen ere I fell asleep, all was now cold and dark. The fire had sunk to a heap of red embers. I could not distinguish one of my sleeping companions. Good Heavens! can I be still slumbering? There, again, is the long, low wailing howl which I heard so distinctly in my dream.

I sit up erect, and listen. What is that sound? a rustling among the brushwood—some of the party stirring? No. All are silent as the grave. I am the only one awake in the camp. Once again! Surely I am mistaken. I thought the fire was nearer to me, just in front; and so it is. What, then, can be those two glimmering lights a few yards off? Now they are moving! I awake the nearest sleeper—an American named Silas Wood. The man starts to his feet, rubs his eyes.

"What is it?"

"Look there, Silas."

He looks, and as quick as lightning, seizes a burning faget, and hurls it with all his force and an unerring aim. The gleaming lights disappear with a rustle of the brushwood—a sharp, short bark close at hand, and then in a minute or two, the long, low wail in the distance is heard.

Silas then stirred and raked the burning embers, and throwing on an immense heap of dry brush, in a second the Egyptian darkness is dispelled by a bright flame which leaps up six feet into the air, and brings the sleeping figures and the nearest trees into full relief.

"Silas, what does it all mean?" I asked.

"It means, squire," replied the American, speaking with his usual deliberate drawl—"*wolves!*"

"Wolves!" I re-echoed. "Then these two gleaming lights that I took for glowworms, were—"

"A wolf's eyes, squire; and I guess his friends warn't fur off, awaitin' kinder anxious to hear tell of their scout. Hark! if the darned things ain't a groanin' and lamentin' over their disappointment, as sure as my name's Silas Wood."

Once more the long, low howl, inexpressibly sad and fearful, was heard at a greater distance. Now that I knew what it implied, it made the blood curdle in my veins.

"I shall never forget a wolf's howl," I exclaimed; "I heard that accursed sound in my dream as plainly as I hear it now. But are we not in danger?" and I began mechanically to pile up more wood on the blazing fire.

"No fear now, squire," replied the Yankee, coolly; "the cowardly critters darsn't come anigh a fire like that. Besides, I reckon the feller I scared so with that 'ere burning chip, has told 'em it's no go, by this time. They're as cunning as humans, is them critters. Ay, be off, and a good riddance to ye, ye howling varmints!" he added, as the low wail was once more heard dying away in the distance.

Notwithstanding the assurance that the wolves were retreating, I took great pleasure in seeing the fire blazing up brightly, for I knew that in that consisted our protection.

"I suppose we have had a narrow escape?" I said to my companion, who, besides myself, was the only one awake in the camp.

"I reckon I've seen a narrower, then," replied he. "Why that 'ere skulkin' scout darsn't have given warning to the rest of the pack as long as a single red ember remained. The critters is dreadful afeared of fire."

"Well," I rejoined, I am not at all sorry I awoke when I did. But as we're the only two awake, suppose you tell me this narrow escape you allude to—that is, if you don't feel sleepy."

"Me, squire? I ain't sleepy, not a mossel. I couldn't sleep a wink, if I tried. I feel too kinder happy like to have cotched that darned sneakin' scout sich a lick," and the Yankee laughed, quite tickled at the recollection. "I guess he had it right slick atween the eyes. I knowed he felt it by the bark he gave. Well, squire, it'll give me considerable satisfaction to narrate to you my adventure with the tarnal critters. I guess, squire, it be a matter of ten years square that Deacon Nathan had a raisin' away down to Stockville, in Varmont, where I was reared."

"What is a raising?" I asked.

"Well, I guess it's a buildin' bee," rejoined the Yankee.

"And, pray, what is a building bee?" I inquired, "for I am as wise as I was before."

"You see, squire, when you wants to get anything done up right away in a hurry all to once like, whether it's flax beatin', or apple-parin', or corn-huskin', and the neighbors all round come and help work, that's a bee; and a buildin' bee, or a raisin', is when they want to set up the frame of a house or a barn."

"Oh, that's a building bee; now I understand."

"Well, I guess it were pretty big barn that Deacon Nathan was agoin' to raise, and so we had a considerable sight of boys, and a regular spree; and when it came to draw towards night, the deacon he says to me: 'Silas,' says he, 'I don't kinder feel easy leavin' this here barn unprotected during the dark watches of the night. The heart of man is desperately wicked, and there's some loafers in the village, and there's no end to boards and shingles lying about; and so, Silas, what'll you take to stop here all night?'

"'Deacon,' says I, 'what'll you give?'

"Well, you see the deacon was everlastin' close where money was concerned; so he puts on a long face, and screwed his lips together, and he says very slow: 'Would a dollar, Silas, be about—'

"'Deacon,' says I, "'tain't worth my while to stop for that; but if you like to make it four, I don't mind if I do.'

"'Silas Wood,' says the deacon, 'ain't you unreasonable? How can I rob my family to that extent?'

"You see the deacon was a remarkable pious man, and whenever he sold the men sperrits, or shoes, or flannel, or other notions out of his store, for about three times their vally, and stopped it out of their wages, he always talked about his duty to his family. Well, we chaffered and chaffered for a considerable spell, and at last we concluded to strike a bargain for two dollars and a pint of rum. The boys was a pretty well a'most cleared out, when Dave Shunyser comes to me and says: 'Silas,' says he, 'be it true you're agoin' to stop here all night?'

"'I reckon I ain't agoin' to do nothin' else,' says I.

"'Take a fool's advice,' says Dave, 'and do nothin' of the sort.'

"'What for?' says I.

"'Cause,' says he, 'there's several refused; and the deacon knowed you to be a kinder desperate chap, or he wouldn't have axed you.'

"'Why, man alive,' says I, 'what's the danger to come from?'

"'Why,' says Dave, 'ain't you sheered there's been wolves seen in the neighborhood? Didn't the deacon tell you as how he lost two sheep only the night afore last? You darsn't make a fire, 'cause of the shavings, and the barn ain't boarded up.'

"'Dave,' says I, 'don't you think to pull the wool over my eyes that fashun, and then have it to say you circumvented Silas Wood. I reckon I can read you as easy as a book. You'd like to arn them two dollars yourself. Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Two's company; if you like to stop with me, and help me to drink the deacon's rum, you're welcome; and I don't care if I share the brass into the bargain.'

"'Says Dave: 'I wouldn't stop a night in this here barn as it is, not for a five hundred dollar bill. Remember, Silas, I've warned you as a friend;' and away he went.

"'Well, squire, I wan't goin' to let Dave scare me, 'cause I knowed he was sweet on a gal called Hini Parkins, that I were keepin' company with, and would have been considerable rejoiced to have it to tell how I had funked; and as I hadn't heerd tell of no wolves in them parts, I jest thought he said that by way of banter.

"'Well, I made myself comfortable in the barn. It was all boarded up on three sides, and partly on the fourth; only there was a gap left for the door, big enough to let in a wagon-load of hay. It wasn't cold, bein' a fine night in the Indian summer. So I kept a strollin' up and down, takin' a look out now and agin, to see if there was anybody lurkin' about with an eye to the boards and the shingles, but there warn't a soul stirrin' but myself. Every now and agin, I'd mix myself a little grog, till the rum was all gone, and then I began to feel most everlastin' sleepy; so I thought I'd jest lie down awhile on a big pile of shavings there was in one corner of the barn. Well, squire, I dropped off, as you may suppose; and I guess it were along of what Dave Shunyser said, I got to dreamin' about wolves, till at last, blame me if I didn't dream there was one in the barn huntin' about, jest like a dog, sniffin' here and there, till at last he came to the pile of shavings where I was.

"'Well, squire, I can't call to mind how I woke exactly, but the first thing I remember, I was sittin' right up on the pile of shavings, tryin' to make out as well as I could in the dark if there was anything in the barn or not. It was about a minute before I could see clearly; but at last I heard a slight rustle, and thought I saw somethin' move. Thinks I, that's Dave Shunyser, or some of the boys, come back to frighten me. They shan't have it to crow over me. So I sings out: 'Is that you, Dave?' There was no answer, but I heard a rustlin' and a patter jest like a dog's paws, and I could see the critter, whatever it was, crawlin' towards the gap in the boards. Then it stopped, and kinder turned its head, and I cotched sight of two twinklin' lights, and, thinks I, it's a stray dog; when the critter give a spring out of the barn, and set up a howl. Squire, I shouldn't have been scared with one wolf, *but that howl was answered from the woods, maybe a quarter of a mile off, by another, which I knowed could only have come from a pack of not less than fifty hungry devils.* Well, squire, I was awful scared, and that's a fact; but I guess if I'd a lost my presence of mind, it would ha' been all up with me in about five minutes. I knowed I hadn't a moment to lose, 'cause I heerd the howl comin' nearer and nearer; and the yelp yelp of the sentinel-wolf outside calling them to their prey? My first idea was to set fire to the shavings. I out with my flint and steel; but the spunk wouldn't light, and not one of the shavings would cotch. The howls kept comin' nigher and nigher. Then I began to think I was gone. There was an axe in the barn, but what could I do agin fifty wolves? and in the dark, where they couldn't see my eyes to daunt them.

"'I clenched it, however, and determined to sell my life dearly, when all to once, jest when I'd given up all hope, I feel something touch agin my head—it was a rope as had been made fast to one of the rafters. I guess, squire, if that ere rope had ben a foot shorter, I'd not a ben here now tellin' this story! The way I went up that rope, hand over hand, was a caution. And I'd barely swung myself on to the rafter, and begun lashin' myself to the beam with the rope, when—squire, it makes my blood run cold only to tell of it—the barn was alive with wolves, yelpin', leapin', and fallin' over each other. I could hear them routin' among the shavings; and in a minute they had all spread over the barn floor. Then they began to nuzzle in the earth and scratch up the mould with their paws.

"'At last one of 'em scented me, and told the others with a yelp. Then of all the yells I ever heerd!—squire, I most swooned away; and if I hadn't lashed myself to the rafter, I'd ha' fell right down among 'em. Oh, such a yell I never heerd afore, and hope I'll never hear agin! Though I knowed they couldn't get at me, it was dreedful to be there alone in the dead of the night, with a pack of hungry wolves lickin' their slaverin' jaws, and thirstin' for my blood. They ran round and round the barn, and leaped on to each other's backs, and sprang into the air; but it was no use; and at last I began to get kinder easy, and I looked down on the howlin' varmints, and bantered them. Squire, you'd ha' thought they understood a feller. Every time I hollered and shook my fist at them, they yelled and jumped, louder than ever. For all this, I warn't sorry when it began to grow a little lighter; and about an hour before dawn they begin to see it was no use; so they give me one long, loud farewell howl afore they went. But, squire, the most cur'ous part of the story has got to come. Some time afore they went, it had growed so light, I could see 'em quite plain; and an ugly set of devils they was, and no mistake. Well, I noticed one wolf separate himself from the pack, and trying to slink away. He had his tail atween his legs, jest like a dog when he's beaten, and had a cowed look, as if he were ashamed and afeared like. All at once, he made a spring out of the barn, but the rest of the pack was after him like lightnin'.

"'Squire,' concluded the Yankee, laying his hand impressively on my sleeve, 'you may believe it or not, jest as you please; but beyond some hide and bones, they didn't leave a piece of that 'ere wolf as big as my hand. He was the scout as give the signal to the others, and they devoured him out of hunger and revenge, 'cause they couldn't get me!'

WHEN I MEAN TO MARRY.

When do I mean to marry?—Well—
'Tis idle to dispute with fate;
But if you choose to hear me tell,
Pray listen while I fix the date:

When daughters haste with eager feet,
A mother's daily toils to share;
I can make the puddings which they eat,
And mend the stockings which they wear!

When maidens look upon a man,
As in himself what they would marry,
And not as army-soldiers scan
A sutler or a commissary:

When gentle ladies, who have got
The offer of a lover's hand,
Consent to share his "earthly lot,"
And do not mean his lot of land:

When young mechanics are allowed
To woo and wed the farmers' girls,
Who don't expect to be endowed
With rubies, diamonds and pearls;

When wives, in short, shall freely give
Their hearts and hands to old their spouses,
And live as they were wont to live
Within their sires' one story houses:

Then, madam—if I'm not too old—
Rejoiced to quit this lonely life,
I'll brush my beaver; cease to scold;
And look about me for a wife!

SUCCESS A MATTER OF WILL.

Success has no more eccentricity, than the gingham and muslin we weave in our mills. I know no more affecting lesson to our busy, plotting New England brains, than to go into one of the factories with which we have lined all the water-courses in the States. A man hardly knows how much he is a machine until he begins to make telegraph, loom, press, and locomotive, in his own image.—But in these, he is forced to leave out his follies and hindrances, so that when we go to the mill, the machine is more moral than we. Let a man dare go to a loom, and see if he be equal to it. Let machine confront machine, and see how they come out. The world-mill is more complex than the calico-mill, and the architect stooped less. In the gingham mill, a broken thread or a shred spoils the web through a piece of a hundred yards, and is traced back to the girl that wove it, and lessens her wages. The stockholder, on being shown this, rubs his hands with delight. Are you so cunning, Mr. Prodikos, and do you expect to swindle your master and employer, in the web you weave? A day is a more magnificent cloth than any muslin, the mechanism that makes it is infinitely cunninger, and you shall not conceal the sleezy, fraudulent, rotten hours you have slipped into the piece, nor fear that any honest thread, or straighter steel, or more inflexible shaft, will not testify in the web.—*Emerson.*

WOMEN IN EUROPE.

On the continent of Europe, women are very little in esteem. If they are poor, they are looked upon as cattle; if more fortunately born, they are viewed only as means of pastime, and are married only for fashion or convenience. Unfortunately the latter estimation of them is too prevalent with us; but then we never yoke any class of them except with our arms, or put them in the fields except to milk the cows, or to go philandering after blackberries and daisies. I have seen women on this continent wielding the sickle, the scythe, guiding the plough, and carrying on their backs the ordure which was to manure the land, and I have in the same picture seen huge, lusty-looking fellows lying on their backs observing the labor of their weaker helpmates with the most superlative indifference. The truth is, men are scarce in this meridian, and consequently highly prized. They are continually thinned by wars, and snatched up and marched away by the conscriptions. This view of the case suggests a very strong excuse for the condition of morals in many of the military states in Europe. My observation on this state of affairs to an Englishman who sat next me in the cars, and its comparison with the state of things that exists in the United States on the same subject, drew from him the remark that we spoiled the women in America by too much deference and attention. The observation was true, so I admitted it, but, said I, in defence, "The error is not without compensation—for in spoiling our women, we improve ourselves."—*Letter to Wilkes's Spirit of the Times.*

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—Professor Silliman, of New Haven, recently closed a Smithsonian lecture by giving the following sensible advice to young men:—"If, therefore, you wish for a clear mind and strong muscles, and quiet nerves, and long life, and power prolonged in old age, permit me to say, although I am not giving a temperance lecture, avoid all drinks above water and mild infusions of that fluid, shun tobacco, opium, and everything else that disturbs the normal state of the system; rely upon nutritious food, and mild, diluted drinks, of which water is the base, and you will need nothing beyond these things, except rest, and due moral regulations of all your powers, to give you long, happy and useful lives and a serene evening at the close."

☞ To rob a man of his money, is to wound him in *the chest.*

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

(*From the London and Paris Ladies' Magazine of Fashion.*)

There is not any particular change at this moment in out-door toilettes. Light colors are not at all worn in morning dress; and the form Imperatrice, the body without separation from the skirt, is the style most in use, except in rich materials, and for these also when the body is required to be high; trimmings of fancy buttons, matching the prevailing colors of the material, are placed the whole length.

A very splendid new material rivals velvet this season in Paris for full dress—it is black Lampas, with bouquets Pompadour embroidered in colors and stars of gold or silver thread.

Common guimps are no longer used on the bodies and skirts of dresses, the grelots, plaits, stamped velvets, etc., are not showy enough for the present taste; points d'Espagne, guipures de Venise now form complete trimmings for silk dresses, placed on the high bodies of the Imperatrice form, and continued gradually increasing in width to the bottom of the skirt.

Fur has been much used this winter to trim dresses and jackets, as well as paletots; the Astracan has been very fashionable in Paris, and accords with every color. Long ermine tippets have been worn in dress, to throw on the shoulders, as also swans' down, and chinchilla is re appearing.

The white chemisettes (chemise matelot) continue to be worn, particularly by young persons, inside the Zouave jackets: some are of white flannel, the waistbands and collar embroidered in red, others are of embroidered muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes. Various forms of fichus are worn, some are high, of a square form, others of the round pelerine shape.

Ball dresses continue to be made with double skirts; ruches of pinked taffetas, placed a little above the hem, form a pretty trimming. Tunic dresses are also worn this winter, and when the tunic is of tulle, it is termed a voile; tarletan is less used except by very young persons, the skirts of it are made with pinked flounces, or with ruches or narrow velvets, the flounces to the knee.

Bonnets of satin capetoune are much in favor for neglige, sometimes the front and bavelet are of velvet; colors continue to be mixed as well as materials; all imaginable fancies are admissible. Bonnets required for carriage or more elegant wear are still made of crape covered with tulle blonde, or of velours royal, ornamented with feathers or flowers. There is a decided change in dress hats, the trimmings and on the summit of the head, sometimes forming a coronet of feathers; they may be made of two or three colors, and the materials are also mixed; the feathers are frequently black and white, no matter of what material or color the hat may be made.

MATERIALS IN THEIR INVISIBLE STATE.

If a piece of silver be put into nitric acid, a clear and colorless liquid, it is rapidly dissolved, and vanishes from the sight. The solution of silver may be mixed with water, and to appearance no effect whatever is produced; thus, in a pail of water we dissolve and render invisible more than ten pounds worth of silver, not a particle of which can be seen. Not only silver, lead and iron, but every other metal can be treated in the same way, with similar results. When charcoal is burned, when candles are burned, when paper is burned, these substances all disappear, and become invisible. In fact, every material which is visible, can, by certain treatment, be rendered invisible. Matter which in one condition is perfectly opaque, and will not admit the least ray of light to pass through it, will in another form become quite transparent. The cause of this wonderful effect of the condition of matter is utterly inexplicable. Philosophers do not even broach theories upon the subject, much less do they endeavor to explain it. The substances dissolved in water or burned in the air are not, however, destroyed or lost; by certain well-known means they can be recovered, and again be rendered visible; some in exactly the same state as they were before their invisibility; others, though not in the same state, can be shown in their elementary condition; and thus it can be proved, that matter having once existed, never ceases to exist, although it can change its condition, like the caterpillar, which becomes a chrysalis, and then a gorgeous butterfly. If a pailful of the solution of silver be cast into the stream, it is apparently lost by its dispersion in the water; but it nevertheless continues to exist. So when a bushel of charcoal is burned in a stove it disappears in consequence of the gas produced being mixed with the vast atmosphere; but yet the charcoal is still in the air. On the brightest and sunniest day, when every object can be distinctly seen above the horizon, hundreds of tons of charcoal in an invisible condition pervade the air. Glass is a beautiful illustration of the transparency of a compound, which in truth is nothing but a mixture of the rust of three metals. This power of matter to change its conditions from solid opacity to limpid transparency, causes some rather puzzling phenomena. Substances increase in weight without any apparent cause; for instance, a plant goes on increasing in weight a hundred fold for every atom that is missing from the earth in which it is growing. Now the simple explanation of this is, that the leaves of plants have the power of withdrawing the invisible charcoal from the atmosphere, and restoring it to its visible state in some shape or other. The lungs of animals and a smokeless furnace change matter from its visible to its invisible state. The gills of fishes and the leaves of plants reverse this operation, rendering invisible or gaseous matter visible. Thus the balance in nature is maintained, although the continual change has been going on long prior to the creation of the "extinct animals."—*Pierre's Laboratory of Chemical Wonders.*

TRANSCENDENT VALUE OF SCIENCE IN EDUCATION.

FROM "EDUCATION," BY HERBERT SPENCER.

We conclude, then, that for discipline, as well as for guidance, science is of chiefest value. In all its effects, learning the meanings of things, is better than learning the meanings of words. Whether for intellectual, moral, or religious training, the study of surrounding phenomena is immensely superior to the study of grammars and lexicons.

Thus to the question with which we set out—What knowledge is of most worth?—the uniform reply is—Science. This is the verdict on all the counts. For direct self-preservation, or the maintenance of life and health, the all-important knowledge is—Science. For that indirect self-preservation which we call gaining a livelihood, the knowledge of greatest value is—Science. For the due discharge of parental functions, the proper guidance is to be found only in—Science. For that interpretation of national life, past and present, without which the citizen cannot rightly regulate his conduct, the indispensable key is—Science. Alike for the most perfect production and highest enjoyment of art in all its forms, the needful preparation is still—Science. And for purposes of discipline—intellectual, moral, religious—the most efficient study is, once more—Science. The question which at first seemed so perplexed, has become, in the course of our inquiry, comparatively simple. We have not to estimate the degrees of importance of different orders of human activity, and different studies as severally fitting us for them; since we find that the study of Science, in its most comprehensive meaning, is the best preparation for all these orders of activity. We have not to decide between the claims of knowledge of great though conventional value, and knowledge of less though intrinsic value; seeing that the knowledge which we find to be of most value in all other respects, is intrinsically most valuable; its worth is not dependent upon opinion, but is as fixed as is the relation of man to the surrounding world. Necessary and eternal as are its truths, all Science concerns all mankind for all time. Equally at present, and in the remotest future, must it be of incalculable importance for the regulation of their conduct, that men should understand the science of life, physical, mental, and social; and that they should understand all other science as a key to the science of life.

And yet the knowledge which is of such transcendent value is that which, in our age of boasted education, receives the least attention. While this which we call civilization could never have arisen, had it not been for science; science forms scarcely an appreciable element in what men consider civilized training. Though to the progress of science we owe it, that millions find support where once there was food only for thousands; yet of these millions but a few thousands pay any respect to that which has made their existence possible. Though this increasing knowledge of the properties and relations of things has not only enabled wandering tribes to grow into populous nations, but has given to the countless members of those populous nations comfort and pleasures which their few naked ancestors never even conceived, or could have believed, yet is this kind of knowledge only now receiving a grudging recognition in our highest educational institutions. To the slowly growing acquaintance with the uniform co-existences and sequences of phenomena—to the establishment of invariable laws, we owe our emancipation from the grossest superstitions. But for science we should be still worshipping fetishes; or, with hecatombs of victims, propitiating diabolical deities. And yet this science, which, in place of the most degrading conceptions of things, has given us some insight into the grandeurs of creation, is written against in our theologies and frowned upon from our pulpits.

Paraphrasing an Eastern fable, we may say that in the family of knowledges, Science is the house-hold drudge, who, in obscurity, hides unrecognized perfections. To her has been committed all the work; by her skill, intelligence, and devotion, have all the conveniences and gratifications been obtained; and while ceaselessly occupied ministering to the rest, she has been kept in the background, that her haughty sisters might flaunt their fripperies in the eyes of the world. The parallel holds yet further. For we are fast coming to the *denouement*, when the positions will be changed; and while these haughty sisters sink into merited neglect, Science, proclaimed as highest alike in worth and beauty, will reign supreme.

THE PARADISE OF WOMEN.

The adventurous African explorer, Dr. Livingstone, states in a recent letter that he has found nothing more remarkable among the highly intelligent tribes of the Upper Sanbesa than the respect universally accorded to women by them. Many of the tribes are governed by a female chief. "If you demand anything of a man," remarks the intrepid explorer, "he replies, 'I will see my wife about it.' If the woman consents, your demand is granted; if she refuse, you will receive a negative reply. Women vote in all the public assemblies. Among the Bechenas and Kaffirs, the men swear by their father; but among the veritable Africans, occupying the centre of the continent, they always swear by their mother. If a young man falls in love with a maiden of another village, he leaves his own and takes up his dwelling in hers. He is obliged to provide in part for the maintenance of his mother-in-law, and to assume a respectable attitude, a sort of semi-kneeling in her presence. I was so much astonished at all these marks of respect for women, that I inquired of the Portuguese if such had always been the habit of the country. They assured me that such had always been the case."

A STORY FOR A CHILD.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

Little one, come to my knee!
Hark how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
And the wind in the woods a-roaring!

II.

Hush, my darling, and listen.
Then pay for the story with kisses:
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
In just a storm as this is!

III.

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited,
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.

IV.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

V.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

VI.

There, from the blowing and raining
Crouching, I sought to hide me:
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

VII.

Little one, be not frightened:
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
Hid from the awful weather.

VIII.

His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other:
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That beast and man was brother.

IX.

And when the failing forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

X.

Darling, kiss me payment!
Hark how the wind is roaring:
Father's house is a better place
When the stormy rain is pouring!

—*Harper's Monthly.*

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,

AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there they lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.
—*Mrs. Hemans.*

She goes unto love yet untried and new;
She parts from love that hath still been true.

* * * * *

She wept on her mother's faithful breast,
Like a babe that sobs itself to rest;
She wept, yet laid her hand awhile
In his, that waited her dawning smile.—*Ibid.*

"Darling, it is getting damp; had you not better come in?" said a lady to her daughter, as the first dews of night began to fall. "Remember, you are not strong."

The speaker was very beautiful, although no longer young. Perhaps she was more charming now than she had been at an earlier age, for her features wore that lovely, benign expression which only a long and good life can bestow; and the soft, white hair which encircled them, was far more attractive than the richest dark tresses of youth could have been.

The fair girl by her side was not less fascinating, albeit her countenance lacked that sweet repose which formed the great charm of her mother's face.

She was considerably below the middle height—almost diminutive, indeed—with hair of a dark chestnut brown; eyes of the deepest gray, with large, dilating pupils; and a complexion one of the loveliest ever seen, being fair as a lily, and almost as transparent; while, to complete the whole, she had a slight, fairy figure, a wonderful smile, and the smallest hands and feet imaginable.

This lovely little person now stood on tip-toe, looking over a tall garden gate into the high road.

Behind her was the garden—such a garden as you and I, dear reader, shall probably never see again. An old, old garden, with a lofty yew hedge, far thicker than the wall of a modern house, cut here and there into the quaintest, most fantastic shapes that those whimsical Dutch gardeners of William's could devise. Within were walks bowered over with ancient filbert trees; and large golden apples, and rich mellow pears hung over them in autumn, so that one could scarcely proceed a dozen paces without being sorely tempted to commit a robbery.

And then there were flowers, in the wildest, most glorious profusion—roses as large as your best bonnet, whose scent you would never tire of inhaling (I don't know how it was, but the Leigh roses always attained their full beauty of size and fragrance, while ours never seem to get beyond babyhood—so small, and weak, and faint they look and smell, when compared to their northern relatives;) and lots of other dear old world flowers besides the roses, tall, snowy lilies, beds of crimson carnations, fair Canterbury bells, evening primroses, daphne, bachelors' buttons, and banks of yellow honeysuckle, and fragrant sweetbriar, in and out of which the bees flew the whole livelong day.

Ah! that was a garden. I could tell you of its delights all a midsummer morning, and yet, at night, have something more to say; but as may be all my readers do not love such nooks as I do, I will leave it, and return to the fair human flowers who inhabited it.

One, the youngest, was, as I said, gazing eagerly down the road—so eagerly, that her mother was obliged to repeat her warning against the dew twice, ere she heard it; and then she turned her head with a sad smile, saying,

"Oh, mother, darling, let me stay a little longer. Perhaps he will come; it is not late."

"No; but you must not be too sure that he will come. He could not get your letter until this morning, and even then he might be obliged to go elsewhere."

"Perhaps so—perhaps so!"—with a deep sigh. "I wish I could be patient."

"You will be, in time, dearest; it is a lesson that takes long to learn. Now let us walk. You will catch cold standing there without a shawl on."

"Have I lost it? How careless; but indeed I did not know it. You must forgive me." And she looked up beseechingly.

"Ah, child! I can forgive anything better than those sad looks. I little thought you would ever give your love so entirely away from me. But it is the fate allotted to all mothers, and I must not complain. Mrs. Hemans was quite right when she wrote of her heroine—

"'Mother on earth, it must still be so;
Thou rearest the lovely to see them go.'"

The smile with which these words were spoken was sweet, though sad; and turning instantly from the gate, Isabel took her companion's hand, and raising it to her lips, answered tenderly,

"Dear own mother, I do love you better than all the world, except one, and he is my husband."

"Yes, darling, it is quite right; only I don't like it as much as I ought to do, I suppose."

"I wish I could alter it, and that one love would not so absorb another. I was so very, very happy among the flowers, and papa's poor people, till he came," said the girl, musingly.

"And are you not happy now?"

"Oh, yes! Sometimes I am happier than ever I was before; but sometimes, when he is not here, or I do not get a letter, my heart aches."

"Poor child—poor child!" murmured the mother, in mournful accents. "I feel we did wrong in consenting to your prayers. We should have saved you from this."

"No, no; if you had refused, I should have died; and that would have been worse for you to bear than these naughty frets, would it not?"

"Ay, indeed! And yet I don't know; it is so dreadful to see you suffer."

"It will not be for long, mother; he will take me home soon, and then I shall be happy. I do not know what makes me otherwise now; only I fear sometimes that he should forget me, and love another; and then, oh, then I should die!"

Mrs. Graham did not answer—perhaps she, too, feared for the future; but before Isabel could observe her silence, a gentleman came down the pathway from the house towards them.

With a cry of wild joy Isabel flew to meet him.

"Willie! Willie! Oh, how glad I am!"

"Not half so glad as I am, birdie!"

And in the fervor of his greeting, he almost lifted the little lady off her feet—a circumstance upon which he remarked with a gay laugh, threatening to put her in his pocket.

"Do be quiet! Don't talk nonsense!" she said, tossing her small head, with a ludicrous attempt at dignity. "You ought to behave yourself better now, and not treat me like a child!"

"I beg your pardon; but the idea of your being anything else—a woman, for instance—is too rich; it never entered my head."

"Now, that's abominable. I do believe you would like me to become as long as that church-steeple!"

"That I shouldn't. But never mind, lady-bird; if you *are* no bigger than Queen Mab, you'll do!"

"That's fortunate! It's too late to change."

"So I fear."

"You fear? Good-for-nothing, do you wish it?"

"Do you?"

"I don't know."

"Then I do; so hold that mischievous little tongue—I can't get in a word edge-ways—or I shall shut you up in my cigar-case!"

"Try!" and she twirled round like a fairy, laughing at his vain attempt to catch her.

"Now, do be rational, you wicked little humming-bird," he said, at length; "or I shall wish myself back again among reasonable creatures!"

"And take yourself there, I suppose!"

"Not yet; not until I've tamed you a bit. At present, unfortunately, this place has too many attractions!"

"Am I one?"—and she sprang to his side. "Of course you are, you jealous little beauty; the first, the last, and the middle!"

And bending down, he kissed her again and again.

She put her hands upon his arm, and clasped them together, looked up in his face, nestled close to him a moment, then cried,

"You have not spoken to mamma, yet.—Come, she is here!" Then, darting away, she flew to Mrs. Graham, saying, "Here he is, mother—here is the truant knight! Scold him for me!"

"Nay, I should rather praise him for coming so promptly. Good-evening, Mr. Shirley. I scarcely expected you, although this small wife of yours did."

"I came the moment I received her letter." And he grasped the offered hand affectionately.

"And I am so glad you did—so very, very glad!" repeated Isabel, again drawing closely to him.

"Ah, that is all very fine. But how is it I find you here? I thought you were ill?"

"And so I am. I mean so I was. I always am when you don't come and see me."

"What a pretty compliment!"

"I wish it was only a compliment," said Mrs. Graham, gravely; "but I am sorry to say that Isabel pines a great deal more than is at all good for her."

"Oh, mother, darling, don't scold! I am so well now, and so happy!"

"Yes, but you were not so an hour ago!"

"No—because I thought he would not come."

"But now, as I *am* come, as I always do—if I hear of your making yourself miserable in this way again, I'll do—what shall I do, Mrs. Graham?"

"Take me with you!" whispered the little wife.

"My darling! my pet! I wish I could. But be patient a while longer, and all will go well. Now, tell me what you have been doing all the time I have been away?"

"Oh, a thousand things! Gardening, gossiping, visiting, &c. I took old Betty the money you left for her, and she was so delighted."

"No doubt; and called me a real gentleman, did not she?"

"Yes; but how did you know?"

"I didn't know—I only guessed. It's what those old ladies always say; and I know Betty is a good type of her class."

"You don't think her a hypocrite?"

"By no means. I think she is grateful for the sight of your sweet face, and more grateful still for the sight of Her Majesty's!"

"Well, that's very natural. *You* would be grateful for a glimpse of Victoria Regina, if you had nothing to eat, and nothing to buy anything with. She is a dear old woman, and I won't have you say a word against her."

"I have not the slightest intention, for I know old women are always dear to sympathizing young ladies."

"You're a bear, to-night, Willie!"

"Thank you. That's my reward for scouring across the country, helter skelter, like a madman!"

"You shouldn't say good-for-nothing things then!"

"You shouldn't make me jealous."

"I!"

"Yes, Madame Innocence, you: Here I come, I can't tell how many miles, to weep over your sick bed; and lo and behold! I find you dancing about in the garden, like an overgrown wren, with nothing to console me for my disappointment but 'old Betty!'"

"What would you have?"

"A little more talk about yourself—a little less about her. I want to know what gives you that white face? You hadn't it five minutes ago; though I do believe, from what your mother says, you had it all day before. And now it's come again, and makes you look like a ghost. What is the matter with you, my birdie?"

And he twined his arm tenderly round her fragile little form, while she, clinging to him lovingly, murmured, "Do you really care to know?—really—really?"

"Can you ask me? Oh, Isa, Isa!"

During this lover-like dialogue Mrs. Graham had returned to the house, and now came back with a shawl, which she threw around Isabel, who raising herself blushing from her husband's arms, cried, "Thank you—thank you, mamma! What a great deal of trouble I do give you!"

"Never mind, you shall nurse me next; but now gather this well round your shoulders, and I hope you will be no worse for the evening air."

"I am sure I shall not! People never take or increase colds when they are happy!"

Mrs. Graham smiled.

"I am afraid that is a dangerous theory; but I will yield to it this once. Do not let Isa remain out longer than one half-hour, Mr. Shirley, while I go and order the tea, then bring her in to make it."

It was a happy party that was collected that evening in the low, wide casemented rectory parlor.

First of all, there was the grey-haired pastor himself—the very model of a Christian clergyman, simple, dignified and gracious; by his side sat his wife, more lovely than ever, her gentle features beaming with happiness at witnessing her daughter's.

"Her slender form of stately mien,
Her softest cheek as crystal sheen,
Whose hue is of such tender rose
As sunlight flings on fallen snows."

And that daughter herself, charming as a fairy queen, lay upon the pretty chintz sofa, her husband at her feet, scattering such sweet smiles and words around, as had not gladdened the hearts of her parents since William Shirley's last visit.

At length breaking in upon all the gay nonsense talked by the young pair, Mr. Graham said with a smile, "And now, William, if you can find time to talk to me, tell me something of my dear child Beatrice. How is she?"

"Very well. And entrusted me with her best love to you all?"

"And is she happy—at rest among so many strangers?"

"I think so—I hope so; but it is a difficult question for me to answer. Besides, we are not all strangers to her."

"No; you and Sir James are not; but it is to women that women cling when they are lonely," said Mrs. Graham. "I hope Beatrice finds sympathy in her new home."

William was silent; conscience told him that the ladies at Shirley were neither tender nor sympathising; but he shrank of course from saying so, and the Rector continued to his wife, "I wish, Kitty, we had kept the child with us. She was too young to go out into the world alone."

"Yes; but I suppose it was not best that we should, or it would have been so ordered."

"Just so," was the resigned answer.

"I think sometimes we should have been too happy if she had stayed."

"May be. Doubtless it is best as it is; but I trust we shall see her soon. You say she is well?"

"Quite; and I think handsomer than ever! She is much admired."

"Poor lassie, heaven shield her! Beauty and wealth are dangerous gifts. I hope she may use them well."

"I do not fear it."

"Nor I. But it is a trying position."

"So it is; yet I feel that one who has been educated like Beatrice Lyle, will never go far wrong."

"I pray you may be right. She has a fine character, although, I doubt, somewhat too proud and passionate."

"Oh, she is not proud, papa; she always went among the poor people as kindly as possible."

"I don't suspect her of that kind of pride, Isabel. She is too proud for that; but pride of intellect—pride of race."

"Surely that is not a fault?"

"It is. All pride is sin. Some may be more excusable, even admirable, in human eyes than another; but in God's, all is alike evil; though I fear none of us are free from it in one shape or other."

"Does she still grieve for her father?" asked Mrs. Graham, suddenly.

"I think not. She appears perfectly resigned, but it is a subject upon which she is not likely to talk much."

"No, I suppose not. And that reminds me—do you know anything of some people named Millward, in whom Beatrice is interested?"

"Millward! No, I never heard the name before, that I remember. Why?"

"Because Mr. Rutherford, the steward at the Abbey, met me to-day in the village, and asked me to tell Beatrice, when I wrote next, that he had received her letter, brought by a man of that name; and that, in obedience to her directions, he (Rutherford) had interrogated him, and found him tolerably educated, and a fair accountant, so that, for the present, he has made him a sort of clerk, or overseer; intending at some future time, if he should prove steady and trusty, to send him into Cumberland as under-steward upon the estates there."

"Indeed! Well, I know nothing of him; but I will tell Beatrice what you say."

"Thank you. She must be considerably interested in them, or she would not have been at the expense and trouble of sending them here so soon after her own departure. I shall be glad, therefore, that she should hear what Rutherford thinks of her *protegés*. He has let them that pretty little cottage in the glen that you liked so much."

"Has he? Well, they are charmingly housed, at any rate. I should not mind living in that cottage myself. Can I take any other message for you? I must return to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow? Oh, Willie, not so soon!" cried his wife, looking up in dismay.

"I must, darling; I promised, and if I fail, my absence would excite dangerous remarks and questions."

"And what then? Surely you cannot be with a fitter person than your own wife?"

"Certainly not. But people do not yet know that I possess such a charming little appendage."

"Then why don't you tell them? Willie, I am tired to death of this secrecy."

"Forgive me, dearest, that I brought the necessity for it upon you. I was too selfish—too impetuous," he said, sadly.

"Now I have vexed you. Oh, Willie, dear Willie, I did not mean it! I am so sorry! Only I often think that if everybody knew, it would be so much better."

"I know it, pet; but what can I do? My mother has so many prejudices."

"Against me?—prejudices against me?"

"No, not against you personally, of course, because as yet she is unconscious of your existence—but in favor of rank; and, unhappily, she has just set her heart upon my marrying your friend at the Abbey."

"Beatrice Lyle? How absurd!"

"Very. And when Beatrice chooses for herself, as I think she will do very soon, my mother will see it."

"I hope so. But has Beatrice a lover—some one whom she really loves—that you speak in this way?"

"Do you think she would tell me if she had?"

"Yes—why not? You are cousins. Besides, you could see."

"Well, then, judging from the evidences of my eyes and ears, without one word of corroboration from either lady or gentleman, I should say she had; but it is early days yet."

"And is he a nice man? Who is it, Willie? Tell me?"

"You would not know him if I did; and it would not be fair, for I may be entirely wrong in my surmises."

"Very likely; but whether you are or not, I do not think you ought to betray Beatrice's secret," said Mr. Graham. "She will tell it herself when she wishes it known. And now, as it is getting late, be so good as to ring the bell, William, for prayers, and give me the books."

He was obeyed, and the little household gathered together as usual for evening worship.

And at that very hour, some forty miles away, knelt one in her hopelessness, agony, and despair—one who was to many there as a daughter and a sister—one whom they would have shielded from evil with their very life's blood, but whom they were now powerless to comfort or to aid.

And yet her name was breathed again and again, in the fervent prayers which rose from that humble room like incense unto heaven.

And Beatrice Lyle, kneeling upon the floor, her head laid against the hard table, felt suddenly a strange sense of peace descend upon her soul, as if angel hands had lifted off the unutterable weight which crushed it; and sinking placidly upon an ottoman beside her, she fell tranquilly to sleep.

CHAPTER XVII.

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts that but now in sunshine played,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom when betrayed.
He felt it—deeply felt; and stood
As if the fate had frozen his blood,
So mazed and motionless was he.
—*The Fire-Worshippers.*

After a sleepless night, or rather morning—for she was not yet so hardened in sin, that conscience had entirely lost its voice—Miss Shirley rose from her couch, attired herself with great care and taste, and taking up the forged letter, quitted the house, and walked slowly towards the private shrubbery walk in which Beatrice and George had met the evening before.

It was yet early, but she knew well that Mr. Conyers, anxious for the explanatory letter or interview which had been promised, would not be a laggard.

She calculated but too truly. Like herself, though from a far different cause, the young barrister had spent a restless night; and weary of watching the lingering hours creep away on the time-piece, he got up and went out, intending to take a long walk, and so subdue the excitement which fevered his blood.

For a little while he managed to employ himself in talking to, and petting an old horse of his father's, which came neighing up to him in the little paddock through which he had to pass; but in a few minutes he tired of this occupation, and giving Sultan a bunch of raisins, which he had brought from the sideboard for the purpose, he left the old favorite munching them, and springing over the gate into the high road, turned towards the town.

The London mail, however, with its prancing steeds and thick clouds of dust, soon disgusted George with the road, and striking off to the left, he speedily found himself almost unconsciously beside the park wall at Shirley.

Vexed with himself, for he had resolved a dozen times during the night that he would *not* go to the Court before a reasonable time, Conyers was turning back, when an irresistible desire to look upon the house in which his beloved dwelt, the window of the chamber she inhabited, came over him; and unhappily giving way to it, he hurried forward, reached the private wicket, opened it, and entered the shrubbery.

Two or three minutes brought him to the Rosery, and here, to his surprise, he met Julia.

Her face was pale and grave; and a sudden vague fear of something being amiss shot like an arrow through him.

Yet she smiled as she answered his greeting, saying, in reply to his exclamation of surprise at seeing her at such an unusual hour,

"If I were insincere, might not I express quite as much astonishment at meeting you?"

"Certainly; although a man shut up half his life in dusty London chambers may have a thousand excuses for longing to breathe the fresh morning air in the country when he gets a chance, that a lady living in its daily enjoyment cannot have."

"Yes. But is not the morning air as fresh at the Cottage as the Court? or is there a peculiar salubrity in the atmosphere of this covered walk that renders freshness immaterial?"

"Perhaps. The fragrance from those roses—"

"Overpowers the smell of the earth under these trees, and the odor of the firs. Ha! ha! ha!"

"You are in a merry mood to-day, Miss Shirley."

"Indeed, I am not." And her countenance again became suddenly grave. "I was never less inclined for merriment in my life. Gay words and spirits are quite as often forced as real, and are never—so I think—to be trusted as proofs of a light heart."

"I am sorry to hear you say so. I should have thought your heart was never otherwise than light."

"Should you? Do you suppose that I am always happy?"

"Yes, I hope so."

There was something more than mere courtesy in the deep, soft tone in which these words were spoken, and a week before the listener's heart would have leaped high with joy. Even now, spite of all she knew and had heard with her own ears, the color flashed back over her face, and her pulses quickened as the wild hope that he might yet be won, and her treachery succeed, seemed to be justified.

She controlled all outward emotion, however, and replied,

"Then your hope is unfounded, Mr. Conyers. I am not happy."

"Indeed! Why?"

"Because,"—and her voice became stern—"I am surrounded by an atmosphere of falsehood and deceit, and my soul rebels against it."

"I can well believe it."

"You may," and she shuddered. "My heart is sick to death of it all."

"Nay, that is carrying hatred of evil too far. You must not let other people's sins affect you to your own misery."

"How can I help it, when those bound to me by the nearest ties—those I would love dearly, if only they would let me—are the sinners?"

"It would be difficult. But are you sure you judge them rightly? I cannot even guess at whom your words point; but I have known you all so long and so well, that I cannot but think you are deceived when you fancy that any one of your own family, could or would act so as to cause you sorrow."

"Ah, you don't know—you don't know! But you must!" she muttered, looking at him sadly.

Again the unaccountable thrill of presentiment ran through his frame, and he said uneasily—all tenderness gone from accent and manner.

"Must I? Have I anything to do with it, then, Miss Shirley?"

"Yes."

"Ha! What?"

His tone offended her, and she answered, coldly,

"It will not please you to hear."

"Probably not. It does not please me to hear and do many things that I am obliged to do. One cannot avoid one's fate."

"No; but we may direct it."

"I don't know. But what is this you have to tell me? I am all impatience to hear."

"You are in haste to return, perhaps?"

"I have an engagement."

"In that case, I can postpone my communication till another opportunity."

"No, no! I hate to have unpleasant things hanging over me; pray tell me at once."

"You are scarcely in a fit mood."

"I shall never be in a fitter. Come, Miss Shirley, be merciful; if you are going to kill me, put me out of misery at once."

"Well, then, I have just come from my cousin."

"Your cousin? Oh, what are you preparing me for? Is she ill?"

"No, not the least. I never saw her better."

"Then why—Miss Shirley you are driving me mad! You talk of sin and sinners, deceit, falsehood, and your cousin in the same breath! What can she have to do with such things?"

"Too much!"

"I do not believe it. Pardon me, Miss Shirley, but I do *not* believe it."

"You are courteous!"

"I am true—excuse me if I am somewhat too roughly so; but your cousin's is a sacred name to me—I cannot allow it to be slurred."

"Is truth a slur?"

"No."

"Then you have no right to resent what I have said."

"Not your associating Beatrice and deceit together?"

"No; for—"

"What? Speak out frankly; this is no time for hesitation."

"You are very confident of her faith—it is cruel to destroy it?"

"Never fear! that is out of yours, or any one's power but her own, to do."

"Suppose I come authorized by her to try?"

"What?"

"Suppose I come authorized by her to try? You remember your interview with her last night?"

He started.

"Yes."

"And that she told you she had a communication to make?"

"Yes."

"Which you silence for the time by an avowal of love?"

"Has she told you so?"

"How else could I know?"

"I cannot tell; but I will soon. Good morning, Miss Shirley."

"Where are you going?"

"To your cousin."

"Oh, no, no—you must not!"

"Indeed, I must. I cannot understand why there should be an agent between us, and therefore I shall see her myself."

"Pray do not be rash! Wait until you are calmer!"

"Not a moment! not a second!"—and he moved to pass her, but she intercepted him.

"Listen to me, Mr. Conyers! Hear what I have to say!"

"I have heard enough; do not compel me to be rude. If you were my friend, you would help, not thwart me."

"It is precisely because I *am* your friend, that I would prevent you from rushing upon certain misery."

"Do you think that I could be more miserable than this suspense makes me?"

"Alas! I know you can be—you will!"

"So be it, then. I will run the risk."

"Well, I can do no more. I must perform my mission, then you must act as you choose. Here is a letter which I have it in charge to give you."

"From your cousin?"

She bowed.

He took it quickly, glanced at the address and seal, then tore it open and read as follows:—

"DEAR MR. CONYERS,

"You will be surprised at receiving this letter, and consider, I fear, that I have not acted quite as I ought to have done; but the truth is, that your flattering proposal last night took me so thoroughly by surprise, that I scarcely know what I said or did. I regret exceedingly, if I have in any way misled you, or suffered you to imagine that I looked upon you in any other light than as a brother. Indeed, I have no love to bestow; and if I did not tell you this at the time, it was because I was so bewildered and frightened. However, I do hope that our acquaintance has been too brief to allow this unfortunate misunderstanding to give you pain. You will soon forget me entirely, and see, as I do, that even had circumstances been different, we are very unsuited to each other. When that time comes, I shall have great satisfaction in renewing a friendship which has given me much pleasure, and meanwhile I shall hear of your welfare from my cousin, who insists upon my writing this before I leave Shirley, which I shall probably do to-day.

"You will be glad to hear that the matter respecting which I sought your advice, and which, in the hurry of our singular meeting, I did not explain, has been pleasantly arranged. Yours very truly,

"BEATRICE LYLE."

Lifting his eyes sternly from the letter, which he read twice, George said in iron tones,

"She would have left the Court, then, without a word?"

Julia bent her head.

"I owe this explanation to you?"

"Yes, I thought it only right."

"Thank you. And this is the deceit of which you spoke—the falsehood?"

"Give it any other name you please. I call it so?"

"And you are right?"—and he ground his teeth hard, crushed the paper in his hand, and turned away with a groan. "Cruel, heartless falsehood! And yet I love her as I never have—never shall love again?"

"Yes, yes, you will. Time will teach you to estimate her truly; and then, deeply as you may suffer now, you will see that you have more cause for rejoicing than grief."

George made no reply, but striking his brow with his hand, he rested it against the bole of a tree.

There was a long pause, then he said eagerly, as if penetrated with a sudden hope—

"You know she wrote this?"

"*I saw her!* She told me the whole affair as an awkward joke, and said she should go up to town to get rid of it."

"She need not fear; I shall not trouble her."

"*Of* course not. A girl who could so trifle with such love, must be worthless."

"No, no—not that! I was not worthy of her; she punishes me as I deserve!" replied Conyers, after a silence, his face still hidden upon the arm which was laid against the tree.

A dark scowl gathered upon his companion's face, as she saw, in this generous self-humiliation, proof of how deeply her rival was loved; how utterly indifferent the man for whom she had so fearfully sinned was to her.

Yet, with the terrible perversity of such natures, the knowledge, instead of diverting her from her purpose, only strengthened her in it, causing the unholy passion, under the influence of which she was fast changing from a woman to a fiend, to burn yet more and more intensely.

Once, years ago, ere Love, Jealousy, and Ambition had made a battle-field of her heart, blighting, withering, and destroying all truth and honor, Julia Shirley would have sank horror-stricken from the very least of the perjured deeds she had of late so recklessly committed; but now, blinded, mad with passion, there was scarcely a single crime that ever stained humanity that the wretched girl would have turned from, so only she could have won George Conyers' love, and her revenge on Beatrice.

No wonder, then, the sight of his suffering was agony and bitterness to her; and that, infuriate! with jealousy, she would have bartered her very soul to ruin her cousin in his eyes.

And such moments—alas! for the awful power of him "who walks about as a lion, seeking whom he may devour"—never pass by unfruitful.

As God helps His people who cry unto Him, so does Satan help his; and none ever gave themselves truly up to him, without receiving ample opportunities of doing his will, and securing their perdition.

So it was with Julia now.

At the very moment when she stood gazing upon George, her brain racked with dark thoughts of how she could further her evil work, the means of doing so were offered to her.

The sound of horses' feet, in fleet gallop, struck her ear, and peering through the trees, she saw her brother ride swiftly up to the stables.

Like an electric shock, the idea of how she might turn this to her purpose struck her, and she smiled.

Then laying her hand lightly on Conyers's shoulder, she said, in a soft, gentle voice,

"I cannot bear to see you so wretched! We have been friends from childhood, and it grieves me inexpressibly that one of my family should have treated you thus!"

He moved impatiently under her hand—for the voice, gentle as it was, grated on his senses; and even had it been otherwise, he was in no temper for consolation or common places.

Still Julia persevered—it was her one false move—saying to the sore and irritated spirit that would have given worlds to silence her—

"Don't you remember, in the days long ago, when we were children together, I promised to be your little wife—your sister? Let me redeem that promise now, and claim a sister's privilege of comforting you in this sorrow."

"You are very good," he said, retreating a step, so that her hand fell from its resting-place; "but—"

He stopped.

"What! will you distrust all because one is untrue?"

"No, no, but I am not equal to talking on this subject now. Forgive me, and leave me to my own devices."

"I cannot. She who has so tortured you is my cousin, and I am bound to heal the wounds she has inflicted, if possible."

"But it is not possible—at least, not yet?"

"You love her still? Oh, the weakness of some men's love!"

"I acknowledge it. We *are* weak as children, as women, when our hearts are given, as mine was, to those whom we believe pure and excellent as the angels!"

"But when you know them to be false—fickle as the winds—then, then you should spurn them—hate them!"

"No true heart could hate, where it had once loved!"

"Mine could!"

"You overrate your strength, I think. I fancied so once, but I know my error now."

"Indeed, I had no conception you were of so gentle and forgiving a nature. Most men would be furious at being played with thus; but you—oh, Mr. Conyers! do not look so utterly depressed—so miserable! Be brave—cast off the very thought of her—and hate her as she deserves. As I do?"

"It is impossible. I would not do so if I could. And I do entreat you, Miss Shirley, not to add to my present suffering by hating your cousin on my account."

"On your account! Oh, heaven! how coldly, tamely you speak! Your friendship is not like mine, that would give up everything—life itself—for its objects. My friends are to me as my own soul; and like Ruth, their people are my people, and their God my God. How could I do otherwise, then, than hate her who had so played with you?"

Flushed with excitement and passion, Julia lost, for a moment, the mastery of herself, and poured forth these words in a torrent; but catching her companion's wondering glance, she paused suddenly, saying, in an altered tone,

"You seem surprised at such an outbreak in one usually so calm; but it distracts me to see the friend of my childhood give himself up to a weak devotion for one who cannot even appreciate it—who actually loves another!"

"Another! Great heaven, what do you mean?"

"What I say—what she says in her letter, when she confesses that she has no love to bestow. Why, now, at this very moment, while you are grieving here, she has left her uncle's house, and is with her lover."

"It is false—false as Satan!"

"It is true—true as heaven!"

"Prove it!"

"I will. At this instant another's arm encircles her—the kisses of him for whom she slights you, are on her lips."

"Impossible!"

"Come and see."

And she stretched forth her hand; but he drew back.

"I cannot be a spy."

"Nonsense! That is but an excuse! You fear to look!"

"You are right—I do."

"Then your heart condemns her. Still, it is only justice to her, to see if I have spoken truth. Come."

She went forward, and he mechanically followed through the shrubbery, until, at last, they reached a belt of forest trees below the west lawn. Then they stopped, and Julia, putting aside the branches of an elm, said, sternly—

"Look!"

He obeyed. Directly opposite was the broad terraced walk, so well known to you already, dear reader; and there, in the shadow of the tall shrubs, and hidden from the windows of the house, stood two figures.

One—oh, heaven, how well he knew it! How instantly he recognized the graceful form and raven hair, now resting so confidingly upon her companion's shoulder; while he, bending down with tenderest reverence, showed to the horrified beholder the countenance of his trusted and oldest friend, William Shirley!

The shock was too severe for even George's self-control; and gazing upon the scene one moment longer, as if to take in all its maddening details, he uttered an involuntary cry of agony, and fled, he knew not whither.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ SMART CHILD.—"Eliza, my child," said a prudish old maid to her pretty niece, who would curl her hair in pretty ringlets, "if the Lord had intended your hair to be curled, He would have done it Himself." "So He did, aunty, when I was a baby, but He thinks I am big enough now to curl it myself."

☞ The first wealth is health. Sickness is poor spirited, and cannot serve any one: it must husband its resources to live. But health or fullness answers its own ends, and has to spare, runs over, and inundates the neighborhoods and creeks of other men's necessities.—*Emerson.*

☞ "The times are hard, wife, and I find it difficult to keep my nose above water." "You could easily keep your nose above water, husband, if you didn't keep it so often above brandy."

☞ The Pope, so the story runs, once showed to St. Bernard some of the wonderful sights about Rome, among others, the Papal treasury, his holiness remarking that the church could no longer say "Silver and gold have I none," as St. Peter had declared to the cripple. To which the saint responded that neither could she say with respect to the lame, "Rise up and walk!" The holy father's rejoinder has not been preserved.

☞ Two Irishmen were going to fire off a cannon just for fun; but being of rather an economical turn of mind, they did not wish to lose the ball. So one of them took an iron kettle in his hand to catch it in, and stationing himself in front of the loaded piece, he exclaimed to the other, who stood behind it, holding a lighted torch—"Touch it aisy, Pat!"

☞ The greatest coward may avoid shaking in his shoes by wearing boots or going barefooted.

☞ The triumphs of peace have been in some proximity to war. Whilst the hand was still familiar with the sword-hilt, whilst the habits of the camp were still visible in the port and complexion of the gentleman, his intellectual power culminated: the compression and tension of these stern conditions is a training for the finest and softest arts, and can rarely be compensated in tranquil times, except by some analogous rigor drawn from occupations as hardy as war.—*Emerson.*

☞ Popularity in politics is to see your name in large type posted to a fence. Somebody will inquire who you are, and when the first rain comes you will disappear.

☞ From official returns it appears that within ten months of the last year, corn, in grain, or meal, or flour, costing no less a sum than £22,862,916, was imported into the United Kingdom from America, Russia, and Egypt.—*English Paper.*

☞ An Attorney having died in poor circumstances, one of his friends observed that he had left but few effects. "That is not much to be wondered at," said another, "for he had but few causes."

FROM THE LONDON ERA.

ORIGINAL STORY OF HAMLET.

[FROM THE LATIN OF SAXO-GRAMMATICUS.]

Florwendillus, King of Jutland, married Geruthra, (or Gertrude,) the only daughter of Ruric, King of Denmark. The produce of this union was a son called Amlettus. When he grew toward manhood, his spirit and extraordinary abilities excited the envy and hatred of his uncle, who, before the birth of Amlettus, was regarded as presumptive heir to the throne. Fengo, which was the name of this haughty prince, conceived a passion for his sister-in-law, the Queen; and, meeting with reciprocal feelings, they soon arranged a plan, which, putting into execution, he ascended the throne of his brother, and espoused the widowed princess. Amlettus, (or Hamlet,) suspecting his father had died by the hand or devices of his uncle, determined to be revenged; but, perceiving the jealousy with which the usurper eyed his superior talents, and the better to conceal his hatred and intentions, he affected a gradual derangement of reason, and, at last, acted all the extravagance of an absolute madman. Fengo's guilt induced him to doubt the reality of a malady so favorable to his security—and, suspicious of some direful project being hidden beneath assumed insanity, he tried by different stratagems to penetrate the truth. One of them was to draw him into a confidential interview with a young damsel, who had been the companion of his infancy, but Hamlet's sagacity and the timely caution of his intimate friend frustrated his design. In these two persons we may recognize the Ophelia and Horatio of Shakspeare; a second plot was attended with equal want of success. It was concerted by Fengo that the Queen should take her son to task in a private conversation, vainly flattering himself that the Prince would not conceal his true state from the feelings of a mother. Shakspeare has adopted every part of this scene, not only the precise situation and circumstances, but the sentiments, and sometimes the very words themselves.

The Queen's apartment was the appointed place of conference, where the King, to secure certain testimony, had previously ordered one of his courtiers to secrete himself under a heap of straw. So says the historian; and though Shakspeare, in unison with refinement of more modern times, changes that rustic covering for the royal tapestry, yet it was even as Saxo-Grammaticus relates it. In those primitive ages, straw, hay or rushes strewed on the floor, were the usual carpets in the chambers of the great. One of our Henrys, in making a progress to the north of England, previously sent forward a courtier to order clean straw at every house where he was to take his lodgings. But, to return to the subject:

The Prince, suspecting there might be a concealed listener, and that it was the King, pursued his wild and frantic acts, hoping that, by some lucky chance, he might discover his hiding place. Watchful of all that passed in the room, as dashed from side to side, he descried a little movement of the uneasy courtier's covering. Suddenly Hamlet sprung on his feet, began to crow like a cock, and flapping his arms against his sides, leaped upon the straw; feeling something under him, he snatched out his sword and thrust it through the unfortunate lord. The barbarism of the times is most shockingly displayed in the brutal manner he treats the dead body; but for the honor of the Danish Prince, we must suppose it was not merely a wanton act, but done the more decidedly to convince the King, when the strange situation of the corpse was seen, how absolutely he must be divested of reason. Being assured he was now alone with his mother, in a most awful manner he turns upon her, and avows his madness to be assumed; he reproaches her with her wicked deeds and incestuous marriage, and threatens a mighty vengeance upon the instigator of her crime.

In the historian, we find that the admonitions of Hamlet awakened the conscience of the Queen, and called her to penitence and virtue. The King, observing the change, became doubly suspicious of the Prince; and baffling some preliminary steps he took to vengeance. Hamlet was entrapped by him into an embassy to England. He sent along with him two courtiers, who bore private letters to the English monarch, requesting him, as the greatest favor he could confer on Denmark, to compass by secret and by sure means, the death of the Prince as soon as he landed. Hamlet, during the voyage, had reason to suspect the mission of his companions; and, by a stratagem, obtaining their credentials, he found the treacherous mandate, and changing it for one where he had ordered the execution of the two lords, he quietly proceeded with them. On landing, the papers were delivered, and the King, without further parley obeyed what he believed to be the request of his royal ally; and thus did treason meet the punishment due to its crime.

The daughter of the King being charmed with the person and manners of the foreign Prince, evinced such marks of tenderness that Hamlet could not but perceive the depth of the conquest. He was not insensible to her attractions, and receiving the King's assent, in the course of a few days led her to the nuptial altar. Amid all joys he was, however, like a perturbed ghost that could not rest; and before many suns had risen and set, he obtained a hard-wrung leave from his bride, once more set sail, and appeared at Elsinore just in time to be a witness to the splendid rites which Fengo (supposing him to be murdered) had prepared for his funeral. On the proclamation of his arrival, he was welcomed with enthusiasm by the people, whose idol he was, and who had been overwhelmed with grief when Fengo announced to them his sudden death in England.

The King, inflamed with so ruinous a disappointment, and becoming doubly jealous of his growing popularity, now affected no conciliation, but openly manifested his hatred and hostility. Hamlet again had recourse to his pretended madness, and committed so many alarming acts that Fengo, fearing their direction, ordered his sword to be locked in his scabbard, under the plea of guarding the lunatic from personal harm. After various adventures, the Prince accomplished the death of his uncle's adherents and vengeance on the fratricide himself, by setting fire to the palace during the debauch of a midnight banquet. Rushing in amid the flames, he kills Fengo with his own hands, reproaching him at the moment with his murder, adultery and incest. Immediately on the act of retribution, he was proclaimed lawful successor to the throne, and crowned with all due solemnity.

Thus far Shakspeare treads in the steps of the annalist. The only difference is in the fate of the hero; in the one he finds a kingdom, in the other a grave. Saxo-Grammaticus carries the history further; and after the crowning of Hamlet as King, brings him again into Britain; where, in compliment to that land of beauty, he married a second wife, the daughter of a Scottish King. Hamlet brought both his wives back to Denmark, and prepared for a long life of prosperity and peace. But the sword hung over his head; war burst around him, and he fell in combat by the hand of Vigletes, son of Ruric. Saxo-Grammaticus sums up his character in a few words: "He was a wise prince and a great warrior." Like Achilles, he had the principal actions of his life wrought on his shield. The daughter of the King of Scotland, casting her eyes on it, loved him for the battles he had won, and became his bride.

TERRIBLE REALITIES OF INSANITY.

Dr. Winslow gives us to understand that madness is for the most part a condition of most awful suffering. I used to think that, though there might be dreadful misery on the way to madness, yet, once reason was fairly overthrown, the suffering was over. This appears not to be so. All the miserable depression of spirits, all the incapacity to banish distressing fears and suspicions, which paved the way to real insanity, exist in even intensified degree, when insanity has actually been reached.

The poor maniac fancies he is surrounded by burning fires, that he is encircled by writhing snakes, that he is in hell, tormented by devils; and we must remember that the misery caused by firmly believing a thing which does not exist, is precisely the same as that which would be occasioned to a sane person if the things imagined were facts.

It seems, too, that many insane people are quite aware that they are insane, which, of course, aggravates what they have to endure. It must be a dreadful thing when the mind passes the point up to which it is still useful and serviceable, though unsound, and enters upon the stage of recognized insanity. It must be dreadful to feel that you are not quite yourself; that something is wrong; that you cannot discard suspicions and fears which still you are aware are foolish and groundless. This is a melancholy stage, and, if it lasts long, a very perilous one.

Great anxiety, if continued for any length of time, is almost certain to lead to some measure of insanity. The man who, night and day, is never far from the thought of how he is to pay his way, to maintain his children, is going mad. It is thoroughly evil when one single thought comes to take entire possession of the mind. It shows the brain is going. It is no wonder, my friendly reader, that so many men are mentally screws. There is something perfectly awful in reading what are the premonitory symptoms of insanity.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

A ROYAL COURTSHIP.

The late Empress of Russia, when a girl, received a small and very antique ring from her governess as a present. About a year after the occurrence, the Court received a visit from the Grand Duke Nicholas, the brother of the Emperor Alexander, and who, at that time, was not the heir-expectant of the Crown. The Grand Duke saw the Princess, and with the quick resolve native to his disposition immediately determined to ask her in marriage. One day, as he was seated by her side at the royal dinner-table, he spoke to her of his forthcoming departure, adding that it depended upon her whether or not his stay in Berlin should be prolonged. "What shall I do, then, to influence your intentions?" was the reply of the smiling Princess. "You must not refuse to receive my addresses," immediately returned the outspoken Nicholas. "You ask much." "I ask even more. You ought to give me some encouragement in my endeavors to please you." "That is still more difficult. Besides, the moment is not well chosen to ask for a favor." "I beg your royal highness to give me a sign that I am not totally indifferent to you. You have a little ring on your finger, the possession of which would render me happy. I beseech you to give me the ring?" "What! give the ring at the dinner-table, and in the presence of all these people?" "Let me see—press it into this piece of bread and give it to me." And press the ring into this piece of bread she did, and gave it to the future Emperor. Nicholas took an early opportunity to leave the hall, and exhuming the treasure from its wheaten tomb, discovered an inscription on the inner side in French, and running to the following effect:—"*L'Imperatrice de la Russie.*" He is said to have worn the keepsake for the rest of his days, attached to a chain round his neck, the ring being of course too small for any of his colossal fingers. The future Empress, it seems, had been unconsciously wearing for some time the emblem of her future greatness.

☞ A good question for a debating society. Which is the most delightful operation—"To kiss a fair woman on a dark night, or a dark woman on a fair night?"

☞ In Russia, many of the domestic servants are married. In China, the owners of female slaves, who do not procure husbands for them, are liable to prosecution. What do ladies who object to "followers" say to this?

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The following anecdote is related, by a French journal, of Gen. Fanti:—

During the retreat of Novara, in 1849, the general, who had the charge of saving the remnant of the Piedmontese army, had given the most severe orders to his troops. As it was all-important to avoid attracting the attention of the Austrians, the command was given that no one, under any circumstances, should utter a cry, or, above all, fire a gun, without the command of an officer, under penalty of instant death. One morning, during a halt, a soldier, hearing the neighing of a horse in a neighboring thicket, raised his gun and fired. General Fanti, who was near, rushed upon him in fury, sabre in hand, and plunging the weapon into his breast, extended him at his feet. "I will do the same," he cried out, "to any one who attempts to imitate this wretch, who was either a coward or a traitor." Ten years have passed since this occurrence, ten eventful years, which have transformed the victors of Novara into the vanquished of Magenta and Solferino. During these ten years, General Fanti has sometimes related to his friends, with emotion and compunction, also, this episode of his military life. "I was brutal," he would say: "but the safety of the army was at stake." A few days since, before his departure for the Neapolitan territory, he was accosted, in a public square, at Turin, by a man who placed himself before him, saying—

"Do you know me, general?"

"Not the least in the world."

"But, general, look at me."

"I am in a hurry. Speak, who are you?"

"General, if you have forgotten me, I have kept a remembrance of you in the bottom of my heart, for your sabre entered here, several inches."

"At the retreat of Novara?"

"Yes, general."

"What! are you not dead?"

"You see, but I came very near it. I had great trouble in escaping."

"You can boast of a tough life; but do you know that you were a bad soldier."

"I know that I am now a very poor laborer."

"Come to see me to-morrow."

The next day the soldier of Novara presented himself at the war-office. "Show me my sabre wound," demanded the general. The Italian opened his breast, and disclosed a deep scar. "*Diable!*" said the general, "it was a good stroke. Hold, here is some lint that will staunch the wound," handing him a handful of bank-notes.

A GAMING STORY.

The *Independence Belge* tells the following story of a young man who had squandered at the gaming table of one of the German Baths his entire fortune, amounting to about eight hundred thousand francs. He had lost successively, park, *chateau*, city mansion, and country house, and there remained to the unfortunate gamester, out of all his estates, only a single spot of ground—a small orange plantation—which he had carefully excepted from his other states. The winner (for his antagonist throughout had been the same person) was an Englishman, phlegmatic and unsocial in appearance, but whose curiosity was aroused at the solicitude of the rash youth for the preservation of a dilapidated and seemingly useless house, containing a few boxes of orange trees.

"What are you going to do with this?" he asked, "let us play for it."

"Never!" replied the young man. "This orangery is a *souvenir*, a relic of my childhood. My mother has passed many hours there with me. I may die there; I may try to live there, but I would blow out my brains rather than stake on a card a single flower of those trees."

"It was just one blossom that I was about to propose as a stake. Since you have nothing else, I will play with you for that, a simple orange blossom. Will you consent to it?"

"But what could you wager on your side against a flower, if I should consent to play?"

"Oh, a mere trifle, of course. I, too, would sacrifice a little sentiment. Here is an autograph, for instance, which I will deposit as a wager in the hands of a third person."

The young man laughed and yielded. Notwithstanding his filial sentiment, he saw no profanation in the offering of a flower to Chance, the god who had served him so ill. As the game was about to commence, the Englishman said to the young Frenchman—

"You swear, on your honor, if you win, to accept the stake, however ridiculous it may appear to you?"

"I swear, because I have confidence in you, my lord."

Cards were brought, the game commenced, and in a few moments the young man had gained the mysterious autograph. He received it with some emotion; but how greatly was it increased, when he read a donation, in regular form, of the eight hundred thousand francs that he had lost? The blush of shame mounted to his face. He protested, he refused, he declared that the bargain was null.

"I have your word of honor," replied the Englishman, smiling. "The agreement was in earnest. If I had won, I should have claimed the orange blossom! You thought more of your orange trees, for you would not stake them, than of the eight hundred thousand francs. The match was equal."

After two hours of debate, a court of honor having examined into and weighed the affair coolly, decided that the Frenchman could accept, and he did so, on condition that Lord Z——— would remain his dearest friend.

☞ EARLY RISING.—"What makes you get up so late, sir?" said a father to his son, who made his appearance at the breakfast-table about ten o'clock. "Late! why, father, I was up with the lark." "Well, then, sir, for the future don't remain up so long with the lark, but come down a little earlier to breakfast."

FOREIGN NEWS.

A Turin telegram of February 13th, says Gaeta will capitulate to-morrow morning.—Claldini will occupy Mont Orlando and all the fortifications, and after the departure of the royal family, he will occupy the city. the garrison remaining prisoners of war until Messina and Civitella Deltronte shall be surrendered. The King and Queen, with their suite, will depart on board the French ship Mnette.

AUSTRIA.—It is said the subscriptions to the new loan exceed thirty million florins.

The Comitat of Pesth had voted an address to the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary, declaring that the recent royal rescripts had destroyed the confidence created by the Imperial diploma of October last. The law prohibits the payment of taxes until they have been voted by the Diet, and force alone could remove the citizens from the lawful ground they have taken. An unreserved return to a constitutional life can only save the King and country.

The Comitat of Odenburg had resolved to pay taxes as heretofore, till the Diet shall have taken its resolution.

ENGLAND.—The Bank, to the general surprise, had advanced its rates of interest to 8 per cent., and Cotton had declined ¼d., principally on the meddling and lowering of Breadstuffs are dull. Provisions dull.

The Great Eastern will be again ready for sea in March. Her reported destination is New York.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

This body adjourned on the 27th, after passing the Franklin-Guthrie proposition.—The main proposition with reference to dividing the territory, was barely adopted. Indiana did not vote at all; Kansas and New York were divided, and Virginia and Missouri voted in the negative. The result was 8 against 7, and but for the temporary absence of one of the New York Commissioners there would have been a tie vote. The following is the proposition as adopted:

Section 1. In all the present territory of the United States north of the parallel of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes of north latitude, involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime, is prohibited, and in the present territory south of that line the status of persons held to service or labor, as it now exists, shall not be changed. Nor shall any law be passed by Congress or the territories of a nature to hinder or prevent the taking of such persons from any of the States of this Union to said territory, nor to impair the rights arising from said relation. But the same shall be subject to judicial cognizance in the Federal Courts, according to the course of common law.—When any territory north or south of said line, with such boundary as Congress may prescribe, shall contain a population equal to that required for a member of Congress, it shall, if its form of government be republican, be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, with or without involuntary servitude, as the Constitution of such State may provide.

The other sections say that further territory shall not be acquired without the concurrence of a majority of the Senators from both the free and slaveholding States—that slavery shall not be abolished in the District of Columbia without the consent of Maryland and the owners, &c., &c.

ATTEMPTS ON THE LIFE OF MR. LINCOLN.—We have already quoted from the Lafayette (Ind.) Journal the account of the timely discovery of an obstruction placed on an Indiana railroad, with the evident design of throwing off the special train which conveyed Mr. Lincoln's party. The Syracuse Journal, of Saturday evening, has another development of a similar character. It says:—

"We have been informed by gentlemen connected with the party of Mr. Lincoln since he left home for Washington, that there were several attempts made to take his life during the journey through Indiana and Ohio. The one which threatened the most serious consequences, was the plot on the Presidential train leaving Cincinnati, when a grenade of the most destructive character was discovered in the car occupied by Mr. Lincoln, his family, and personal friends. It was found in a small carpet bag, which had been deposited in the seat of the car by some unknown person. Attention was drawn to it from the fact that no baggage was allowed in the cars. On examination, the grenade concealed in the carpet bag was discovered to be ignited, and so arranged that within fifteen minutes it would have exploded with a force sufficient to have demolished the car and destroyed the lives of all those in it. Of course, the 'infernal machine' was speedily removed, and properly disposed of."

The reason for the avoiding of a public reception in Baltimore, was probably the danger of an unruly reception in that city—if not of Mr. Lincoln himself, of the Committee of Baltimore Republicans who attended him. As the City Councils had taken no action relative to a reception, there was no obligation to have one.

FORT SUMPTER.—We have the authority of an officer at Fort Sumpter for stating that there is no truth in the statement, circulated in Charleston and published in some of the papers, that Major Anderson had been sick. Dr. Crawford, of the medical staff, had been quite ill but had recovered. The command was perfectly healthy and in the best of spirits. The term of enlistment of some of the men had expired, but they had resolved to remain with their comrades until the termination of the difficulties. Great activity prevailed at the different works around the fort. The batteries at Cumming's point had been extended, and four new ones commenced. These are, apparently, for heavy guns, bearing on the main gate at the rear of the work. At old Fort Johnson, on James Island, the massive work had been renewed as the mortar battery. But few vessels were in port, and these in passing the fort displayed foreign flags. A large command was on duty at Cumming's point, and steamers were bringing munitions and men every day.—*Philadelphia North American.*

DIPTHERIA OF THE HEART.—At Youngstown, Ohio, a few days since, a female pauper died suddenly of diptheria, after having been treated for the disease some three weeks, and at a time when her physicians regarded her as out of danger. Just before death, she complained of severe pain in the region of the heart, and the circumstances of her sudden death, after an apparent recovery from the diptheria, induced her physicians to hold a post mortem examination of the parts supposed to be affected, which disclosed the fact that the heart of the patient was diseased in the same manner as the throat. On examining this organ, they found its cavities filled with that peculiar fibrinous exudation which appears on the throat. The right ventricle was almost completely filled. The left auricle also contained a large quantity, which, passing through the left ventricle, prevented the closure of the valves between those cavities.

☞ We know a very ugly and penurious man who works in his own fields in the summer months to save the expense of a scarecrow.

NEWS ITEMS.

TO PARENTS.—At a recent meeting of the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, Dr. Ainsworth reported a case of a child being poisoned by sucking a common green concert ticket, from the arsenite of copper contained in the *coloring*, which is called "Scheele's Green;" an ingredient which is in common use, for cards, fancy boxes, house papers, &c. Many cases of poisoning, by *green* house paper, have occurred during the past year, often with fatal results.

Who says that the great West is not productive and healthy? Not only are the grain crops immeasurable, but the human crops—ahem!—not to be sneezed at. The command to "increase and multiply and replenish the earth," was evidently directed out West. As witness the fact that Mrs. Morgan, of Middleton, Missouri, a young wife, presented three fine, healthy, rosy-cheeked girls to Mr. Morgan, a few days since; and Mr. Morgan says Mrs. Morgan has done very well for the first effort of an inexperienced young female, wife and mother.

A YOUNG lady recently eloped from Cincinnati in the guise of a negro servant. Accompanied by a policeman, the unsuspecting father passed her, while searching the boat. After the steamer got under way, from the ladies' state-room a beautiful lady emerged, elegantly dressed. Her negrodom was burnt cork.

THERE are now nine cardinals' hats vacant in the Sacred College at Rome.

ANTICIPATED FLOOD IN THE MISSISSIPPI.—An unprecedented amount of snow having fallen in the North-West this winter, serious apprehensions are entertained that the breaking up in the spring the Missouri and Mississippi rivers will be swollen far above the capacity of their banks and their valleys inundated for miles.

THE returns from all but two counties in Tennessee show a majority in the State against a convention of 13,981.

THE Tariff Bill has passed, without the Tea and Coffee duty, and been signed by the President.

THE speed of boys' sleds going "down hill" sometimes far exceeds that of the fastest locomotive. A gentleman at Middletown, Conn., lately timed some boys "coasting" down one of the steepest streets in that place, when he found that they went down at the rate of two miles per minute, 120 miles per hour.

THE Sunbury and Erie Railroad acts and the act commuting the tonnage tax on the Penna. Railroad, have both passed the Penna. Legislature, and been signed by the Governor.

THE Penna. Legislature has appropriated $30,000 for the relief of the Kansas sufferers.

THE War Department has transferred the name of Gen. Twiggs to be stricken from the roll "as a traitor," for surrendering the government property in his hands in Texas.

THE Southern Congress has passed an act to raise a loan of fifteen millions, with interest, at eight per cent., and ordered the laying of an export duty on cotton of one-eighth of a cent per pound, to create a fund to liquidate this loan and interest.

THE President has approved the bill establishing the Territorial Government of Colorado, including Pike's Peak. It is altogether silent on the subject of slavery.

MERCHANTS of Boston report that their claims against business men of the South have been in most cases liquidated, especially in Florida and Texas. Within a few days a number of orders for goods have been received in those from responsible parties in those two States.

IN the Pacific mills, Lawrence, one of the machines for printing delaines stamps the piece with sixteen different colors, and shades of colors, in passing through the press. There is only one other like it in the world.

SINCE the Prince of Wales had a day or two's shooting in Illinois, we have not heard of his participation in field sports until on the occasion of a run with the Cambridgeshire fox hounds at the end of last year. The Prince rode well up and took his fences in good style. The run was severe, and two of the horses cast were killed by the pace and over-exertion.

NO KING.—John Mitchell writes from Paris to the Charleston Mercury, "Some politicians here speculate that the Southern States of America will soon find themselves in such need of a strong government that they will take some youngster of a royal line to make a king of him. *Don't you do it;* if you do, you will often wish you were back again under the regular old Mr. Stephens calls the 'corner groceries.'"

A TOWNSHIP SECEDING FROM A COUNTY.—Scott township, in Fremont county, Iowa, we learn, has actually seceded from the county, and "won't pay the tax." A list of the income was enumerated, and commissioners were appointed to confer with other disaffected township.—*Chicago Journal.*

CARRIAGE FOR MRS. LINCOLN.—A few gentlemen of New York have presented to Mrs. Lincoln an elegant coach. It was forwarded to Washington on Saturday.

THE wheat raised in 1860 averages about three pounds in weight per bushel more than the crop of 1859.

TWO hundred thousand cords of pine wood are annually brought to the New York market, of which 60,000 cords are used by kindling wood companies. In the transportation of this material about 100 schooners are employed. Of this enormous amount of pine wood, Virginia furnishes seven eighths, and New Jersey the remainder.

A MAN asleep, on a railroad track in Alabama, was taken up by the cowcatcher, and thrown six feet up an embankment without harming him. He took a drink from a bottle immediately, and looked at his watch to see what time it was.

THE Western coast of North America is so much warmer in the winter than the eastern coast, that a winter climate no colder than that of New York city extends as far north as 60 degrees, corresponding in latitude with the middle of Hudson's Bay, and to the almost uninhabitable regions of Labrador. The valley of the Sackatchawan, in latitude 52 degrees, 1,000 miles northwest of Lake Superior, is very fertile, and wild cattle live through the winter upon the abundant grasses which it produces.

OF the Chinese Emperor, every one, even those of his own chamber, stands in the greatest imaginable awe, and no the pretext does any one address him save with the use of all his grand and glorious titles. It is the etiquette in the Chinese court for the Emperor's physician to apply the same titles to his disease as to himself, and accordingly they talk of "His high and mighty stomachache," "His imperial and godlike dyspepsia," and "His eternal and never-ending dipsteria."

FOREIGN FRUIT.—The supply of foreign fruit in Philadelphia lately, has been unusually large. Oranges have come in such abundance, that they have been sold in our streets, by the measure, for the first time. Since the fourth of February, there have arrived at this port, chiefly from Palermo and Messina, 27,900 boxes of oranges, and 5,062 boxes of lemons. Besides these, there was a large quantity of walnuts, almonds, &c. Oranges are now sold here, at about the same rate as apples, though the latter fruit is very plenty, for the season of the year.

MRS. MARY CURRAN gave birth to an infant at Jersey City, a few nights since, while in a profound sleep; she was only awakened by her husband, who was aroused by the cries of the new comer.

CANADIAN CITIES.—The population of Montreal is rising 90,000. In 1851, it was about 60,000. The increase in ten years has therefore been 30 per cent. The population of Toronto is 44,435, an increase of 13,662 since the census of 1851.

FRUIT STEALERS FELONS.—A bill is now pending in the New York Legislature, which provides for the punishment of fruit stealers or trespassers, as *felons.*

PROPOSED EXPORT DUTY ON COTTON.—In the Southern Congress, Mr. T. R. Cobb, of Georgia, has offered the following resolution:—

"Resolved, That the Committee on Finance be instructed to inquire into the expediency of laying an export duty on all raw cotton which may be exported from the Confederated States to any foreign country by any other channel than through the seaports of this Confederacy."

A YOUNG lady in Jersey City died a few days since from improperly treating frozen feet. She had been skating on Central Park in light gaiter boots, where her feet were frozen in about an hour, and on returning home put them in hot water, which caused mortification, the loss of her feet, and death within eight days. Skaters, and others, finding their feet or hands frozen, should rub them with snow, if procurable, or water as icy cold as possible. Ladies would also find that if they bathed their feet in ice-cold water, before leaving the house for the dancing pond, they would scarcely get them chilled at all.

A LETTER dated at Charleston, 18th ult., says: "The Typographical Union here has dissolved its connection with the national body."

DUTIES TO BE PAID IN SOUTHERN PORTS.—The Charleston papers announce that "all ports in States north of South Carolina are now considered foreign ports; and goods arriving from such ports must be entered at the custom-houses of the Confederate States of America." The duty will average, we believe, about 20 per cent. on all articles purchased from the North except provisions and firearms, &c. Foreign goods will thus pay two duties.

ROCKING CHAIRS are an American invention. Twenty-five years ago they were sent to Europe as presents, and in France were then regarded as great novelties.

LA MOUNTAIN, the balloonist, is arranging for his summer's aerial campaign, which he intends shall be upon a more extensive scale than in any previous season. He is negotiating with various parties for the construction of a retort suitable for transportation, by which he will be able to manufacture his own gas.

TEXAS.—From the returns received, the popular vote is for Secession, by a large majority.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The Union men have carried the Convention.

SMALL SHOES.—At the late "looting" of the Emperor of China's Summer Palace, by the allies not a little slipper was found in any of the ladies apartments, from which it may be inferred that the cramped foot dynasty has toppled over.

THE number of arrivals at the port of Philadelphia during the month of February just closed, was 612, against 497 for the corresponding month last year. Both foreign and coastwise arrivals were in excess, and of the foreign there were fifteen barques this year against eight last. Considering the extraordinary commercial depression prevalent every where, this improvement is remarkable. The figures show that our coasting trade is greater than it was in February last year, despite the troubles at the Southern ports.

THE numerical strength of the U. S. army in Texas is now 2,500 men, divided into thirty-seven companies—twenty-two infantry, five artillery, and ten cavalry. Twenty companies are on the Rio Grande—fifteen infantry and five artillery. The other seventeen companies, cavalry and infantry, are stationed in the interior, from Camp Cooper, Phantom Hill, in the northern part of the State, down south as far as San Antonio and Fort Inge, near Fort Duncan, on the Rio Grande.

ARE BEES DOMESTIC ANIMALS?

A singular point of law was recently submitted to the Imperial Court of Limoges, namely, whether bees are to be ranged in the class of what the law calls "domestic animals," or are to be considered as "wild and ferocious." A laborer named Sauvenel, of Chenerailles, proceeded, on the 8th of October, 1859, to extract the honey from a beehive in the garden of his employer, a taxgatherer, named Berard. This irritated the bees, who flew wildly about. At that moment, a farmer named Legrand, of Peripirollies, accompanied by his son, a boy of thirteen, came up the road in a gig, and the bees stung them and the horse severely. The animal in fear began galloping furiously, and the farmer and his son jumped out of the vehicle; the boy then ran along the road, trying to avoid the bees, but the horse having taken the direction could not be guided. An appeal was prescnted to the Imperial Court at Limoges, and after long arguments, a contrary decision was come to, the Court laying down that bees are "domestic animals," and that the owner of them is responsible for any injury they commit. It therefore ordered that 200f. should be paid to the plaintiff.

DEATH FROM EATING MUSHROOMS.—At a recent coroner's inquest at Ipswich, Eng., the jury gave this verdict: "Death caused from eating poisonous Mushrooms;" and recommended that great caution be exercised by persons eating this article. Dr. A. S. Taylor, in his work on Medical Jurisprudence, says, "There does not appear to be any satisfactory rules for distinguishing the wholesome mushrooms from those which are poisonous, and in some persons even edible mushrooms will produce disorder of the stomach and bowels." The English Gardener's Chronicle, alluding to the above case, remarks that not only is it difficult to distinguish the wholesome from the poisonous mushrooms, but that even the other families of plants, a portion of which may be eaten with impunity, while others are injurious, as, for instance, the Brazilian Cherry (*Physalis Peruviana*), and the Deadly Nightshade, both of which belong to the solinacea or potato family.

AWFUL CATASTROPHE.—At a party in a dwelling house in Hyde Park, London, a short time since, a lady who was playing on the piano caught her dress on fire. Other ladies rushed to extinguish the flames, when they caught fire too. Five ladies were burning at one time, and their screams were awful. The gentlemen present were unable to quench the flames for some moments. Two of the ladies were so much injured that they died.

☞ No maiden ever unlocked her heart to a lover, but a kiss was the first prisoner to fly out.

FORT BROWN IN TEXAS NOT SURRENDERED.—Galveston advices state that Captain Hill, in his reply to the Texas Commissioners, refused to evacuate Fort Brown, or to surrender the Government property. It is also said that Captain Hill has ordered reinforcements from Ringgold Barracks, to enable him to maintain his post and retake the property on Brazos Island. A collision is imminent between the Federal troops and the State forces.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour opened firmer and more active, and holders generally have put up their prices 12½@25c ₱ bbl, the latter for extra family and fancy brands. The transactions for shipment reach some 8000 bbls, in lots, at $5,12½@5,25 for superfine, mostly at the latter rate for straight lots, $5,37½ for good City Mills do., $5,37½@5,62½ for common and good Western and Penna extras, $5,62½@5,87½ for extra family, the latter for Lancaster county, and $6@6,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality, including 1500 bbls of the latter, choice Ohio, on terms kept private; and 500 bbls City Mills extra at $5,75. Rye Flour comes in slowly, with sales of lots at $3,62½@3,68 ₱ bbl, the latter in a small way. Corn Meal is not much inquired after, and Penna Meal is offered at $2,87½ ₱ bbl, without finding buyers to any extent.

GRAIN—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat. The week's sales reach about 18,000 bus, taken for shipment and milling, at 120c@125c for inferior, 130c@132 for good and choice Reds, mostly Western and Penna, in store, and from 140 to 155c for common to choice White, the latter for Southern. Rye is strictly steady, and sales of Penna and Northern are reported at 66c@ 68c. Corn is arriving more freely, and prices have fallen off 2@3c, and city Mess sold at 41½ @41¾ bbl; some Western Beef Hams sold at $16 ₱ bbl. Dressed Hogs are bringing $6,87½@7 the 100 lbs. Bacon moves off slowly at 11c@12c for Hams; 10c@10½c for Sides, and 8c@8½c for Shoulders, cash and time, mostly of the latter, to go South. Lard is more inquired for, and selling at 9c@9½c for Hams in salt and pickle; 9 6@9½c for Sides, and 7½@7¾c for Shoulders in salt. Of Lard sales are limited; about 500 tes and bbls sold at 9½@9¾c, and 600 kegs at 11½@11¾c, cash and 4 mos. Butter is dull, packed selling as wanted at 9c@10c, and roll at 12c@14c ₱ lb. Cheese is steady at 10c@12c, as in quality. Eggs are lower and selling at 14c ₱ dozen.

COTTON continues dull, the receipts and stocks are light, and the better grades are very scarce. The week's sales include only some 450 bales, in small lots, at from 10¼ ₱ up to 13½c for ordinary to middling and middling fair uplands and gulfs, cash and time, mostly of the former description.

BARK—Quercitron continues in demand at a further advance, and some small sales, about 50 hhds in all, are reported at $25½@26 for 1st No 1, at which rates it is scarce and wanted.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering, and good yellow readily commands 32c ₱ lb.

COAL—The market generally continues dull, and prices about the same.

COFFEE—The market is quiet but firm, the stock being nearly all out of first hands, and only some 3000 bags, mostly Rio, have been disposed of at from 11¾ to 12c, including some Laguayra at 14c, and Java at 16c, all on the usual terms.

COPPER remains inactive, but without any quotable change to note in prices.

FEATHERS are in moderate request, and about 5000 lbs good Western sold at 46@46½ ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Fruit is dull, and selling in a small way at about previous rates. Some 600 bbls Apples sold at $1,62½@1,68 ₱ bus.

FURS—Prices same as last week.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS—The sales continue very light at 25@ 30c for new crop Eastern and Western. The stock is reduced, and old Hops very dull.

IRON—Sales of some 3000 tons Anthracite Pig Metal have come under our notice, mostly at $20 @21 for No 2, and $22@22 for No 1, on time. Manufactured Iron is firm and prices looking up.

LEAD is firmer, and we hear of sales of 90 tons foreign, on terms kept private.

LUMBER continues extremely dull, and the only sales we hear of are some English Laths at $1,80, and Yellow Sap Boards at $14@15 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market is dull but firm, with sales of 300 bbls New Orleans at 37c, and 200 bbls new crop Cuba at 21c, on the usual terms.

PLASTER—There is none arriving or selling, and quotations are merely nominal.

RICE is scarce, and 150 casks sold at 4¼@4¾c, cash and four months.

SEEDS—There has been a fair demand for Clovcrseed, with sales of about 5000 bus to note, part from second hands, at from $4,25 to $5 for common to prime, mostly at $4,62½@4,87½ ₱ bush. Timothy is scarce and selling, on arrival, at $2,62½@2,75. Flaxseed continues in demand at $1,43@1,45 ₱ bus. Of Red Top sales are reported at $3,25@3,50 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—New England Rum is steady at 30 @32c, with rather more doing. Whiskey has advanced, and sales from some extent have been made at 17½@18c for Pennsylvania bbls, 18c for Western do, 17½@17½ for Drudge, and 17½c for hhds.

SUGAR opened rather better and the market has been more active, about 1000 hhds Cuba sold at 4½@6¾c, and 250 hhds New Orleans at 6¾ @7¾c, all on the usual terms.

TALLOW is moving off rather more freely, and city rendered ranges at 9¼@9½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—There is more activity in manufactured without any change in quotations. Of Leaf the sales continue limited, and prices the same.

WOOL—There has been little or nothing doing in this staple during the week. Buyers are not disposed to operate to any extent, and the market has ruled quiet, sales being in small lots, mostly Fleece, at about previous rates.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1332 head. The prices realized were from 5½c ₱ lb. To Cows brought from $30 to $40 ₱ head. 3500 Sheep were sold at from 4 to 5½c ₱ lb. gross weight. 1200 Hogs brought from $7,00 to 8,00 ₱ cwt. net.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday and the past week:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Sus. & Tidewater	—	4
U. S. 6's, 1867	102	106	Wilmington	—	—
" " 1868	97	100	RAILROAD STOCKS		
" " 1870	97	100	AND LOANS.		
" " 1871	97	100	Pennsylvania RR		
" 5's coupon, 1874	100	—	1st mort bonds	100	—
Phila 6 per ct. old	93	93	2nd "	90	—
" " new	93	—	" stock	25	30½
" 5's "	100	—	Cam & Amboy 6 pr	—	—
" 6 per ct. coupon	100	—	Morris Canal 6 pr ct.	90	96
Allegh Co 6 per ct.	62	—	stock	113½	115½
" County	60	—	Reading R R 6 per		
Penn 6 per ct.	100	—	ct bonds, '70	93	—
" 5's	96	—	mort '74	93	—
Penna 5's, coupon	96	—	" '77	74	—
Kentucky 6 per ct	—	95	" '82	71½	72
Tennessee 6 per ct	—	95	Phil. Wil. & Bal.	21	21½
Missouri "	—	95	stock	51½	52
Ohio "	102	—	Harrisburg 6 per	80	—
S. Carolina 6 per ct	90	—	Elmira	—	—
Virginia "	93	94	" 2nd "	—	65
Indiana "	95	—	" stock	—	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS			Catawissa	—	—
Sch' Nav 6 per ct.	—	—	Northern Cent.	90	96
Loan '52	68	69	stock	—	—
mort. 6 per ct.	75	80	North Penn's R R	—	—
stock	21	22	stock	—	—
preferred	15	18	6 per ct loan	65	68
Lehigh Nav stock	50	—	Leh. Zinc & Nav. R R	—	—
mort 6 per ct	—	—	stock, div'd'd	46	—
" 5's	90	—	scrip	30	—
Morris Consol'd	58	58	Erie R R stock	35	—
preferred	104	114	Hudson River R R	37	—
Clev & Pit	38	—	R R Central	21	—
bonds	71	—	Michigan Centra	—	—
Erie	15	20	Michigan Southern	—	—

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 2—FLOUR steady; 9000 bbls sold.—Wheat steady, 20,000 bus sold; Milwaukie Club 122@124c; white Western 130c. Corn steady, 36,000 bus sold; mixed, old, 65½@67½c; new yellow Southern 69@69c. Whiskey firm at 18c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, San Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 98 West 4th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
GREEN & CO., Nashville, Tenn.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
MCNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, HENRY HANDY to MARGARET J. daughter of the late Watson Jenks.

Jan. 24, 1861, by the Rev. Franklin Moore, Mr. JOHN S. PAUL, of Lewes, to Miss ELIZA P. SHAW, of this city.

On the 24 of January, by the Rev. Mr. Clay, Mr. JOHN TAYLOR, of Virginia, to Mrs. MARY CAMPBELL, of this city.

On the evening of the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. William Rink, of Coatesville, Pa., Mr. D. H. LOUDENSLAGER, to Miss LIZZIE W. RINK, both of this city.

On Thursday, 31st ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Bomberger, D. D., N. F. PASCOAST, to Miss MARY E. HOFF, both of this city.

On the 20th of Feb. by the Rev. J. F. Maddux, Mr. C. TRENDELL, to HARRIET R. ANDREWS, both of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. W. Anderson, Mr. WILLIAM C. VAUGHN, to Miss ELLEN E. VANDERKIFT, both of Lower Merion, Montgomery county.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. MICHAEL ENGLER, to Miss ANGELINE MILLER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the evening of the 25th ultimo, OWEN W. HAMILL, aged 56 years.

On the evening of the 27th, 24 mo. GEORGE LIPPINCOTT, in his 51st year.

On the 25th ultimo, SARAH, relict of Samuel Williams, in her 83d year.

On Sunday, the 24th ultimo, Miss HARRIET L. EVANS.

On the 24th ultimo, MRS. MARY P. MOORE, relict of the late Dr. Saml. Moore, in her 84th year.

Suddenly, on Sunday, 24th ultimo, ROSALIE A. wife of David Salomon, of this city, daughter of Hayman Levy, of South Carolina.

On the 25th ultimo, Mr. JAMES SMALL, late of California, aged 31 years.

On the 25th ultimo, JAMES SMYTH, in his 61st year.

On the 23d ultimo, PETER STOY, son of Daniel and Margaret Stoy, in his 39th year.

On the 25th ultimo, Mr. JOSEPH DAVIS, in his 36th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 2, 1861.

Alabama	8 dis.	Missouri	9 dis.
Arkansas	10 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par to 1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
District of Columbia	par	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	— dis.	North Carolina	par.
Illinois	9 dis.	North Carolina	6 dis.
Indiana	1½ to 2 dis.	Ohio	par.
Iowa	9 dis.	Ohio	10 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	11 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	9 dis.	South Carolina	6 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	5 dis.
Maryland	1 to 4 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	9 dis.	Virginia	5 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	9 dis.
Mississippi	—		

ATTRACTIVE MUSIC BOOKS.

HOME CIRCLE.—Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, Marches, &c., for the Piano, $1,50. SHOWER OF PEARLS.—A beautiful Vocal Duets, $1. OPERATIC BOUQUET.—Duets, Quartets, Choruses, &c., from all the best Operas, $2. HOME MELODIST—Duets, Trios, &c., for Piano, about 150 Favorite Songs, 25 cts. ENLIVENING SONG BOOK.—Words of nearly 300 Popular Songs, 12 cts. ONE HUNDRED SCOTCH SONGS, 50 cents. ONE HUNDRED IRISH SONGS, 50 cts. ONE HUNDRED COMIC SONGS, 25 cts. Sent *post-paid*, on receipt of price. DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston. H

THE JAPANESE
THE GREAT EASTERN.
H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES
AT JOHNSVILLE.
May come and go and be
FORGOTTEN.
But the lustre, the ebony blackness, the rich perfume of Barnard's Incarnine, the acquisition of CRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR HAIR DYE,
Will unquestionably indefinitely
REMEMBERED.
By all who use it. Inasmuch as
"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER."
Prepared at No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold everywhere, and applied by the Hair Dressers. mar9-con2

COLDS!! COUGHS!!!
Brown's Bronchial Troches
Are Good, Cheap, Handy, Safe, Effectual, and Invaluable for Soreness of the Throat, or Bronchial Affections.
Use Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness and Catarrh.
Use Brown's Bronchial Troches for Sore Throat.
Use Brown's Bronchial Troches for Influenza.
Use Brown's Bronchial Troches for Hoarseness and Sore Throat are so prevalent. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief. Sold by all Druggists in the United States, at cents a box. mar9-con2

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Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "SLIGHT COLD" in its first stage, that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a most valuable article, especially to all those who use their voice, when *Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarseness and Sore Throat* are so prevalent. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief. Sold by all Druggists in the United States, at cents a box. mar9-con2

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SENT FREE FOR THE BENEFIT OF NERVOUS SUFFERERS. THE WARNING VOICE, Containing full curative Details, Confessions of Ideas, &c., of a former sufferer, revealing also, an Exposure of the Impositions and Deceptions practiced by Quacks. (Copyrighted.) Inclosing stamp, single address
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"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"
ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main Street, Cincinnati. mh15-tf

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ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, with full particulars, supply, for $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO.,
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SILVER WARE.

We have now on hand a large assortment of Silver Ware, comprising Plain and Fancy patterns of *Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Cream and Sugar Spoons, Butter Knives, and Napkin Rings, &c., &c.* The above articles made for our own sales, are *warranted equal to coin*, and sold at the lowest prices. CASSIDY & BALL,
dec 12 South Second St.,
dec 15-tf 5th door below Market (West side.)

NOTICE TO PHYSICIANS AND THE PUBLIC.—ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.—TESTIMONIAL.—"T. ALLCOCK & CO., No. 233 Canal street, New York, 29th Nov., 1860.—Gentlemen: I lately suffered severely from a weakness in my back, occasioned by suddenly over-exerting myself. Having heard your Plasters much recommended for cases of this kind, I procured one, and the result was all that I could desire. A single plaster cured me in a week.

Yours respectfully J. G. BRIGGS,
Proprietor of the Brandreth House, New York.

There is nothing equal to the way of a Plaster, to the Porous Plaster of MCALLCOCK. Everything is pleasant about them. They are the Plaster of the day, and a fit type of our present advancement in science and art. In Asthma, Cough, Kidney Affections, and local deep seated pains, they afford permanent relief; and for weak backs, pains in the side, stitches, and spasmodic pains generally, they are unsurpassed for the benefits they impart. Physicians should examine this article, which is universally approved where introduced. Sold by dealers each. Principal Office, 294 Canal street, New York, and 24 Ann street. Sold by MISS SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second Street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. apr2-1y

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Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL and FOUR FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers generally, and by the manufacturer,
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CEPHALIC PILLS,

CURE
SICK HEADACHE;
CURE
NERVOUS HEADACHE;
CURE
ALL KINDS
OF
HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of Nervous or Sick Headache may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack, immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the Nausea and Headache to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing Costiveness.

For Literary Men, Students, Delicate Females, and all persons of sedentary habits, they are invaluable as a Laxative, improving the appetite, giving tone and vigor to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the stomach.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!
The genuine have the signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.
Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.
A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the
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All orders should be addressed to
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THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF
SPALDING'S
CEPHALIC PILLS,
WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM
HEADACHE,
THAT
SPEEDY AND SURE CURE
IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. SPALDING, they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.

MASONVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.

MR. SPALDING.
SIR,
I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.
Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.
Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Your ob't Se'v't,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.

MR. SPALDING,
SIR,
I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills. *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOKHOUSE.

SENECA CREEK, HENDERSON CO., N. C., January 18, 1861.

H. C. SPALDING,
SIR
You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.
Respectfully yours,
NO. F. SIMONS.

P. S. *I have used one box of your Pills, and find them beneficial.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.
Please find inclosed two and three cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*
Yours, &c., A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Washington Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS.,

Wit and Humor.

WHISPERING JOHN.

In what is known as the "upper end" of the county, there is a man who has the ironical soubriquet of "Whispering John R———." This title he has gained from the fact that he always talks (even in conversation) as if he were a major-general on parade, or to use a more common expression, "like he was raised in a mill."

This gentleman, who, by the-bye, is "one of them," mounted his horse one of the coldest mornings last week before daylight, for the purpose of riding down to M———, in time to take the morning train of cars to N———. He rode up to the hotel just as the boarders and travellers had done their breakfast.

He dismounted, and walking into the bar room, spoke to the landlord in his usual thundering tone.

"Good morning, Mr. L———, how do you do this morning?"

"Very well, Mr. R———, how do you do?"

"Oh! I am well, but I'm so cold I can't hardly talk."

Just then, a nervous traveller who was present, ran up to the landlord, and catching him by the coat said:—

"Mr. L———, have my horse brought as soon as possible?"

"What is the matter, my dear sir, has any thing happened?"

"Nothing upon earth, only I want to get away from here before that man thaws."

DEDICATING A CHURCH.—The members of a society in Maine, by dint of long exertion, had erected a small church. One of the number was despatched to a large town, to request a noted divine to take part in its dedication. Not getting his errand exactly, he simply applied to the minister to come and "dedicate our new church."

"What part do you wish me to take?" said the clergyman.

"Why, we want you to dedicate the church," was the reply.

"But do you wish me to deliver the sermon, or make the opening prayer, or only to make some remarks?"

"Why?" exclaimed the brother, piqued at the obtuseness of the parson, "we simply want you to dedicate the church, the *whole* on't; it's only seventy-five by fifty; want you to dedicate it."

YOUNG LADY TALK.—"Tell me about the sermon, dear; take off your shawl and hat, and sit beside me here: the text first—what was that?"

"Well, really, auntie, I don't know, I have forgotten quite; I wish you could see Jane Munroe, she dresses like a fright! Miss Lyman wore a splendid shawl, with that old, horrid bonnet, the very one she wore last fall, and that old trimming on it. Strange what extravagance and waste some people always show! Then Hattie Bell, what want of taste she dresses with, you know."

"The audience, you remember, dear, if you do not the sermon: which preacher do you like to hear; this one, or Mr. Herman?"

"Oh, I like Mr. Herman, for he's handsome, aunt, you know; then he's so graceful, and his teeth—how splendidly they show."

A BREAKFAST-TABLE EXCHANGE.—A boy went from the "hearty victuals" of his country home to Boston, and there boarded with a widow, who was a model of deportment, and who lavished compliments upon boarders without stint—but whose table was of the meanest kind, and most meagre in substantials.

After enduring the "short commons" for a time, one morning, after an unusual profusion of compliments at the breakfast-table, which was also unusually lean and "lenten," the country boy ventured to free his mind by remarking:—

"I think, ma'am, if you would exchange some of your politeness for a little more country produce, it would suit us boarders a good deal better."

PLEASURES OF HUNTING.—Sir Francis Head, speaking of the pleasures of the chase, gives an anecdote of a hard argier in favor of fox-hunting, in these words:—"Said the haughty Countess of ——— to an aged huntsman, who, cap in hand, had humbly invited her ladyship to do him the honor to come and see his hounds, 'I dislike everything belonging to hunting—it is so cruel.' '*Cruel!*' replied the old man, with apparent astonishment, 'why, my ladyt it can't possibly be *cruel*, for'—logically holding up three fingers in succession—'we all knows that the *foxes* is sly, and we all knows that the *hosses* like it, and we all knows that the *hounds* like it, and,' after a long pause, 'none on us, my lady, can know for certain that the *foxes* don't like it."

LOST THE RACE.—A party challenged another, who was notorious for his speed of foot, to run a race of a considerable distance with him, simply stipulating that the champion of the "foot-course" should carry ten pounds weight of any article his challenger might choose to select. In all the pride of well-tested powers, the champion cried "done" to the bargain; when, lo and behold! his opponent selected—not only for the effectual impediment, but the most grotesque adornment of his competitor—*ten pounds weight of full-blown bladders!* It is needless to add that the man with speed of foot lost his wager to the man with speed of wit.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.—A beautiful girl stepped into a shop to buy a pair of mitts.

"How much are they?"

"Why," said the gallant but impudent clerk, lost in gazing upon her sparkling eyes and ruby lips, "you shall have them for a kiss."

"Very well," said the lady, pocketing the mitts, while her eyes spoke daggers; "and as I see you give credit here, charge it on your books, and let me know when you collect it," and she hastily tripped out.

INDECISION.

Professor Toots
Wanted to buy a pair of boots.
He found two pair
They fitted him to a hair—
The one at Black's the other at Fee's.
He tried on those and he tried on these:
Went from Fee to Black,
And then went back—
From shop to shop
Till ready to drop—
And knew not which to choose:
So that Mr. Toots
In buying one pair of boots
Wore out two pair of shoes.

THE CAPTAIN'S IDEA OF AN ENCORE.—A sea-captain, who was staying at a port in Europe, was presented with a ticket to the opera. When the performance was over, he was asked by his friend how he liked it. "Well," answered he, "I know very little about music, and can't pretend to be a judge. I liked some things pretty well; but I rather think that some of them didn't know their business. There was one woman who screeched and tore round, I thought, in an abominable way; and the folks around me thought so too, I guess, for they made her *do it over a second time.*"

A GOOD ANSWER.—A baby was out with the nurse, who walked it up and down a garden. "Is a baddie or a lassie?" said the gardener. "A baddie," said the maid.—"Weel, says he, "I'm glad o' that, for there's ower mony women in the world." "Hech, man," says Jess, "div ye no ken there's aye mair sawn o' the best crap?"

THE FARMER AND THE CITIZEN.

When a citizen, fresh from Dock square, or Milk street, comes out and buys land in the country, his first thought is to a fine outlook from his windows; his library must command a western view: a sunset every day, bathing the shoulder of Blue Hills, Wachusett, and the peaks of Monadnoc and Uncanoonuc. What, thirty acres, and all this magnificence for fifteen hundred dollars! It would be cheap at fifty thousand. He proceeds at once, his eyes dim with tears of joy, to fix the spot for his corner-stone. But the man who is to level the ground, thinks it will take many hundred loads of gravel to fill the hollow to the road. The stone-mason who should build the well thinks he shall have to dig forty feet: the baker doubts he shall never like to drive up to the door; the practical neighbor cavils at the position of the barn; and the citizen comes to know that his predecessor, the farmer, built the house in the right spot for the sun and wind, the spring, and water drainage, and the convenience to the pasture, the garden, the field, and the road. So Dock square yields the point, and things have their own way. Use has made the farmer wise, and the foolish citizen learns to take his counsel. From step to step he comes at last to surrender at discretion. The farmer affects to take his orders: but the citizen says, You may ask me as often as you will, and in what ingenious forms, for an opinion concerning the mode of building my wall, or sinking my well, or laying out my acre, but the will will rebound to you. These are matters in which I neither know, nor need to know anything. These are questions which you and not I shall answer.—*Endicott.*

SMUGGLING TOBACCO.

Showing how the author foiled a custom-house official.

Four of us had purchased a large bag of Latakiah, as sufficiance by the way. We had filled every pocket and pouch with the fragrant weed, but four pounds still remained over which could not be disposed of. So I left the bag lying about on the deck, and bided events. Before long I heard a tremendous commotion. The tobacco was found. I am instantly pointed out as the culprit, and confronted by a most frowning gentleman, whose every moustachio hair bristles with importance.

"Is this your tobacco?"

"Yes."

"Will you pay the duty?"

"I'll make you a present of it."

"Must not be."

"Throw it overboard, then," I said, turning on my heel.

"You must do so; I dare not touch it."

I lift the bag, and am about to hurl it overboard, when a thought strikes me.

"May I have no tobacco duty free?"

"Two ounces are allowed to every passenger."

"Good! is that two ounces?" I ask, taking up a handful.

"Yes," he spowls, for he fancies I am selling him, as I am.

I turn to a crowd of grinning Hungarians, who enjoy the downfall of the Dounier. "Will you accept two ounces of Latakiah—and you—and you?"

Fifty eager hands are held out; every particle of tobacco is disposed of. The official retires beneath a burst of Homeric laughter, and two hours later I am once more possessed of my Latakiah.

HOW PEOPLE CREATE WHAT THEY SEE IN NATURE.—Four men visited Niagara Falls. One was a preacher of the morp urid type of theology, the second was a mill owner, the third was a poet, and the fourth was a geologist.

"What was your impression of it?" was asked the clergyman.

"I could only think of the outpouring of God's wrath."

"And what was yours, Mr. Utilitarian?"

"I thought it was a shocking waste of water-power."

"And what was yours?" was asked the poet.

"It seemed as if a million war horses were rushing down a precipice, foaming, mad with white flowing manes."

"And what was yours, Mr. Geologist?"

"I calculated how fast the rock was wearing away, and how long it would take the cataract to travel up to Buffalo."

A BRIGHT IDEA.

CRINOLINE put to a good use at last.

SKATING.—Dr. Lewis, in his Journal, says it is very doubtful if skating be one of our best exercises. It is not quite free from danger to life and limb, while such rapid motion through a keen, cutting atmosphere, by those who live mostly in high furnace heat, is certainly a very questionable venture. Every year, since skating became the rage, thousands of lungs have been seriously compromised by this violent change. Skating is excellent for hardy people, and for those much accustomed to exposure, but it is to be used with great caution by those who live in heated parlors. [Well, don't live so much then in heated parlors.—*Ed. Post.*]

Agricultural.

BREEDING HORSES.

A great effort has been made in this country to make the public believe that stallions of the racing breed, or so called thorough breds, are the only ones which should be used for the propagation of all kinds of horses, except, perhaps, those for heavy draught. Most persons who advocate this course, refer to English practice as a supposed basis of their views. That the modern system of breeding in England has, to some extent, favored the idea alluded to, must be admitted; but this does not settle the question of its utility, nor does it prove that the system, even in that country, is universally allowed to be the best. It is a subject on which there has been much discussion in the English agricultural and sporting journals, and it would be well if some of the advisers on horse-breeding in our country would make themselves more thoroughly acquainted with the arguments and results which have been developed across the water.

We have lately met with some remarks on this subject by a correspondent of Bell's Life in London, which we deem particularly appropriate, and well worthy the attention of such of our readers as are interested in matters of this kind. The writer of the article to which we have alluded, is well known through several of the English papers under the *nom de plume* of "North Countryman." His subject is "The Horse Classes at Agricultural Shows," and under this head he proceeds to speak of the prize offered by the Royal Agricultural Society, for the "best thorough-bred stallion for getting hunters," &c. On this point he says:—"Now, I would leave out the word *thorough-bred*, and put it 'the best stallion calculated for getting hunters,' and for this reason, that I have seen very bad, weedy horses gain prizes, and fine, bony horses refused, because of a *stain* in their pedigrees." He admits the value of the thorough-bred, if he "possesses power and action," but this, he says, "is so often wanting," that he would encourage a class quite independent of the race-horse. He continues—

"I am quite able to prove that many of our best strong hunters are got by half-bred horses. In Lincolnshire, many horses, sold at high prices, have been got by half-bred sons of old Mundig; and another class of horse, such as Gobbo, Wild Hero, &c., are excluded by a stain from taking prizes, though more worthy than half the cat-legged Bay Middletons which fill the lists. We know the old adage that 'Like begets like;' we see its truth daily before our eyes, yet we go on forever expecting to get pleasant riding horses from a race which are taught from infancy to go on their shoulders; for nine out of ten of our stallions cannot carry themselves properly with their hind legs under them. Hence arises the everlasting complaint that a good shouldered horse is all but impossible to find."

The defective shoulders of the modern race-horse, as a class,—both in this country and England—has often attracted the attention of good judges in reference to the points required in the hackney, roadster or trotter. The writer from whom we have quoted, remarks further, that, "To sum up, we can't be far wrong if, putting aside the race-horse solely as a race-horse, i. e., as a Derby or St. Leger winner, and consequently unfitted to our purpose, either from his high value for the turf on the one hand, or his want of value for our present purpose from want of shape, power, &c., on the other, we give valuable prizes for the best stallions for getting hunters," &c. He contends that it should be the duty of the judges to prefer a horse of fine symmetry and known reputation, though his pedigree may be *stained*, to "most of the racing stallions in England," as it is reasonable to suppose that the progeny of such a horse would be better than "stock bred from horses which, as before remarked, have for generations been taught to go on their shoulders, and have, therefore, lost that elasticity which makes the horse a safe conveyance, either on the road or across the country."

He says—"I could, if I had space, analyze the crack stallions in England, and show how many among them are, from make and shape, totally unfitted to insure success to the breeder for general useful purposes; and doing so, I could point out more than one Derby winner of the most faulty shape, which proves that many a horse, most brilliant on the turf, may be a positive *poison* to the utility of the race in future generations; and, as an instance, I should say that Bay Middleton, the most brilliant race-horse of any period, has poisoned our blood for all useful purposes, and, owing to his own great renown, his sons are scattered broadcast over the land."

These remarks deserve special notice in connection with a position which we have often insisted on, viz.: that the form which may make the best racer, or confer the greatest speed in the gallop, is not that which we should look for in the roadster, or any horse for useful purposes. The reference to Bay Middleton is in point. He is represented to have been very tall in proportion to his weight, his legs being very long and his body small. Although he was, as above said, "the most brilliant race-horse of any period," we have often heard the remark in England that his progeny generally had no merit as serviceable horses.

"North Countryman" closes by saying:—"It is desirable that, for our hunters, our hackneys, and our carriage-horses, we should not blindly rely on the race-horse as the only fountain head. I want to see more power, more symmetry, and higher capacities for undergoing the labors of the field and the road, than I think the general run of our horses possess." Hence he looks to other sources than the race horse for the means of obtaining this superior power, symmetry, &c.

WHICH IS THE CHEAP COW?

Let us reckon a little. Suppose a man wishes to buy a cow. Two are offered him, both four years old, and which might probably be serviceable for ten years to come. With the same food and attendance the first will yield for ten months in the year an average of five quarts per day—and the other for the same term will yield seven quarts, and of equal quality. What is the comparative value of each? The difference in yield is six hundred quarts per annum. For the purpose of this calculation we will suppose it worth three cents per quart—amounting to eighteen dollars. Is not the second cow, while she holds out to give it, as good as the first, and three hundred dollars at interest besides? If the first just pays for her food and attendance, the second, yielding two-fifths more, pays *forty per cent. profit* annually; and yet how many farmers having two such cows for sale would make more than ten, or twenty, or at most, thirty dollars difference in the price? The profit from one is eighteen dollars a year—in ten years one hundred and eighty dollars, besides the annual accumulations of interest—the profit of the other is—nothing. If the seller has need to keep one, would he not be wiser to give away the first, than to part with the second for a hundred dollars?—*Goodale's "Principles of Breeding."*

THE LAW OF VARIATION.—In the chapter upon "The Law of Variation," Mr. Goodale says:—

Very recently, in a paper published in the Aberdeen Journal, a Veterinary Surgeon, Mr. James McGillivray, of Huntley, has offered an explanation, which seems to me to be the true one. His theory is that "when a pure animal of any breed has been pregnant to an animal of a different breed, such pregnant animal is a cross ever after, the purity of her blood being lost in consequence of her connection with the foreign animal, herself becoming a cross forever, incapable of producing a pure calf of any breed."

CURIOUS PHENOMENON.

"How is it you raise so large and fine onions?" I asked, of an Iowa farmer, as I was sitting at the table with him, and observing some on the table.

"Well," said he, "we sprout the seed with boiling water, and then plant it early in good ground."

"Sprout the seed in boiling water?" I exclaimed, inquiringly. "What do you mean, sir, by that? Won't boiling water kill the seed?"

"Not at all," he replied; "but it will sprout them in one minute's time."

"It will! It looks incredible!" I replied, with surprise.

"Will you try it," he replied, "when the time comes to plant, and you'll find it just as I tell you?"

And sure enough, when spring came, my neighbor was about planting his onion seed, and being present, I said—

"Jewell, last winter there was a man told me that to pour boiling water on onion seed would sprout it in one minute. Suppose you try it."

"Very well," said he.

And taking the teakettle boiling from the stove, he poured the water on the seed, which he had in a tea-saucer. Looking closely at it for a moment, he exclaimed—

"My conscience! you have told rightly! Only look a-there!"

I looked, and behold! the little sprouts about as large as horse-hairs were shooting out of the opened ends of the seeds! He did not retain the water on the seed above three seconds, and in less than one-half minute after it was poured off, the sprouts were projected from the seeds.

My Iowa friend assured me that this process would advance the growth of the onion two or three weeks beyond the usual method of planting without sprouting.

NEW TOMATO.—The London Gardeners' Chronicle, of Nov. 24, thus notices a new tomato, recently produced in France:—"It appears in a circular from Messrs. Vilmorin that they are offering seeds of a new upright tomato, which requires no support. This plant is said to be entirely different from the kinds previously known. Its stem is two feet high or more, quite upright, and so remarkably strong and stiff as to be strictly self-supporting—a highly commendable quality."

HORSES IN HEAVY TEAMS.—We find the best teamsters unwilling to let their horses trot, even when on descending ground, where the draft is easy. They contend for fast walking, and say that it injures their fast walkers to let them trot down hill. Walking is what they want in team horses, whether they are going up hill or down hill.—*Ploughmen.*

Useful Receipts.

PURÉE, OR THICK VEGETABLE SOUPS.—*Green Pea.*—Put a quart of large green peas, when cheap, in the pot or pan, with two ounces of butter or fat, and the same of lean bacon cut small, a middling-sized onion, little mint, two tea-spoonfuls of salt, one of sugar, half the same of pepper, a gill of water; set on slow fire, stir now and then, or until no more moisture remains on the bottom of the pan; add two or three tablespoonfuls of flour, stir round quick, and break the peas against the side of the pan with a wooden spoon; moisten with a quart of milk and a quart of water, simmer twenty minutes, or more if old peas, and serve.

This, by leaving out the bacon, becomes *Meagre Soup.* Fried bread, in small dice, is a good accompaniment. If you have any broth, use it instead of the milk and water.—By passing the peas through a hair sieve, which is done by breaking and pressing them with the back of the spoon, an inviting puree is produced; after which warm up, and serve. —*Soyer's Cookery for the People.*

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF VARNISH.—A writer in the Scientific American says:—

"I have used a solution of India rubber and turpentine for about twenty years as a water-proof varnish for my boots and shoes. I make the application before blacking is put on, or else remove the blacking by water. When the leather is moist I take the solution of India rubber and apply it with a rag, taking care to rub it in; then I put the boot in a moderately warm place until the whole is absorbed. The process is repeated twice, or until the pores of the leather are filled, when the surplus is wiped off. In a few days afterwards blacking may be put on, and the leather will polish well. By this method of treating my boots, I make them not only water tight, but also much more durable, and the leather is always kept soft and pliable. I treat every new pair of boots in the manner described, and effect a considerable annual saving thereby."

A DURABLE PAINT FOR OUT-DOOR WORK.—To a quantity of charcoal, add a quantity of litharge as a drier, to be well levigated with linseed oil, and when used to be thinned with good boiled linseed oil. The above forms a good black paint, and by adding yellow ochre an excellent green is produced, which is preferable to the bright green frequently used on out-of-door work, as it does not fade with the sun.—*French Paper.*

ARNICA HAIR WASH.—When the hair is falling off and becoming thin from the too frequent use of castor, macassar, oils, &c., or when premature baldness arises from illness, the arnica hair-wash will be found of great service in arresting the mischief. It is thus prepared:—take elder water, half a pint; sherry wine, half a pint; tincture of arnica, half an ounce; alcoholic ammonia, one drachm—if this last-named ingredient is old, and has lost its strength, then two drachms instead of one may be employed. The whole of these are to be mixed in a lotion bottle, and applied to the head every night with a sponge. Wash the head with warm water twice a week. Soft brushes only must be used during the growth of the young hair.

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 2, 26, 6, 1, 3, 11, was heard or appointed of God.
My 4, 18, 14, 13, 33, is a book of the Bible.
My 5, 17, 10, 12, was an expert hunter.
My 7, 30, 33, 32, 28, 29, is a mount mentioned in the Bible.
My 8, 12, 26, 15, 30, 10, 29, was a servant of the Lord.
My 9, 13, 28, 29, was an example to her sex.
My 16, 19, 24, is what we all do.
My 20, 1, 7, 29, 24, 22, 21, 33, is a river spoken of in the Bible.
My 23, 27, 18, 33, 29, 26, signifies God is his salvation.
My 25, 26, 7, 27, 8, 13, 17, 23, is a town in Palestine.
My 31, 10, 29, 13, 6, is a book of the Bible.
My whole is an Old Bible adage.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.
My 10, 15, 19, 11, 27, 17, 30, 18, 29, is a county in Ohio.
My 2, 3, 5, 4, is a fowl.
My 14, 6, 8, 25, is a county in Iowa.
My 9, 22, 27, 30, 23, is a county in Illinois.
My 34, 23, is a pronoun.
My 32, 33, is an interjection.
My 24, 4, 25, 26, 3, is a weight.
My 31, 21, 28, is a pronoun.
My 16, 13, 4, 8, 1, is an abbreviation often found in poetry.
My 9, 22, 34, 21, 30, 12, is a river in Ohio.
My 19, 10, 30, 7, 12, 14, is a name for an institution of learning.
My whole is an institution of learning in Ohio.

W. J. P.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Buried I am in dungeon deep,
Though desolate my place I keep,
Although exempt and free from crime,
In penitentiary I always shine;
In prison too I'm always found,
Made fast in irons I'm always bound.
No hope for me you know remains
Of ever getting freed from chains;
Although degraded as I seem
I still in nations reign supreme;
Yet still to pride I cannot bend;
The answer back please to me send

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a mark from a wound. My second is to allow. My whole is a color. C. H.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a part of every living creature. My second causes suffering. My whole is a complaint of my first. C. H.

CIRCULAR QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to fence in a circular piece of land with a fence 8 rails high, and each panel of fence (or two lengths of the rails) to make one perch of fence in its circumference. The circle to be of such size that there will thus be fenced in just one perch of ground for every rail that is in the fence thereof, enclosing the same. What is the area that can thus be fenced in?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A bought a piece of cloth, giving as many dollars per yard as there were yards; while B bought a finer piece, giving likewise as many dollars per yard as there were yards, and it was found that B's cost $28 more than A's; and had B paid the same rate per yard that A paid, his cloth would have cost him $48. What did each pay, and what quantity of cloth did each get? J. F. H.

Manor Dale, Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What fish do fowlers prefer? Ans.—The perch.

☞ What fish is seasonable in winter? Ans.—A good skate.

☞ What is the difference between a diseased potato and a bechive? Ans.—None at all; for one is a *spectator* and the other a *beholder.*

☞ Why is the present Lord Mayor of London smaller than Tom Thumb? Ans.—Because he is only one Cubit (18 inches), whereas Tom Thumb was 25 inches.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Andrew Jackson. CHARADE—Carpet. RIDDLE—Pair.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM—A paid $39.11 1-9. B paid $30.22 2-9. C paid $30.66 2-3.

We have received the answer to J. V. Smith's Problem, published Jan. 26th, from J. F. Humes, Manor Dale, Pa. John W. Hatcher, Camden co., Ga., and many others. Ans. published Feb. 16th.

J. F. H., Manor Dale, Pa., corrects answer to W. R. Goudy's Arithmetical Question, published Nov. 10th, from 643.092 revolutions (made by wheel No. 4,) to 391.524 (made by wheel No. 1.)

Answer to Problem, published Feb. 2d: In 4½ minutes the Ms on the circumference of the wheels will all be in a right line again. A will have made 155, B 189, and C 350 revolutions. H. Barto Ellwood, Schuylkill co., Pa.

Answer to James Thompson's Question, published Feb. 2d: The daughter whose land was in a square had 27.878 4-10 acres. The circular farm contained 21.895 6-10 acres nearly. Difference 5.982 8-10. C. P. Waldo, Tolland, Ct.

REFORMERS.—The original of the anecdote imposed on the biographer of Wilberforce to the effect that, when a boy, his father showed him a picture of the Saviour on the cross, as a warning of the fate to which all reformers were exposed, occurs in the *Bee*, a periodical of the 18th century, and is as follows:—"The old man takes his son by the hand, and drawing back the curtain at the end of the room discovered a crucifix exquisitely painted. 'My son,' said he, 'you desire to change the religion of your country—behold the fate of a Reformer!'"